The Outlook

Vol. 67 February 9, 1901 No. 6

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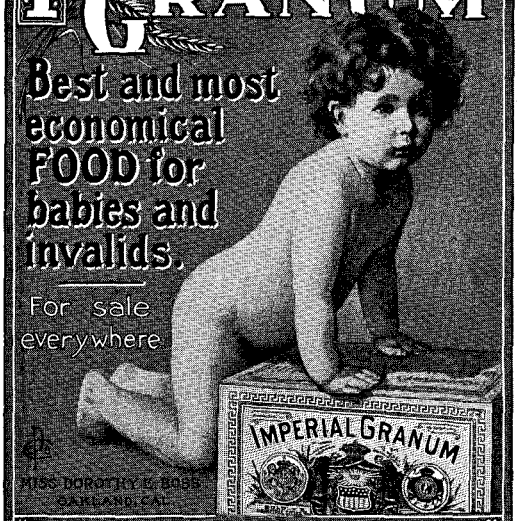

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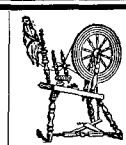

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The Outlook

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The Queen's Funeral

All accounts of the solemn pageant in London on Saturday agree that in the vast crowds which lined the streets, massed in the open places, and filled all near-by points of observation, there was evident something more than conventional and formal expression of grief. It is not sentimentalism or exaggeration to say that no other English monarch has ever held so firm a place in the hearts of the common people as Queen Victoria. Sorrow was shown in demeanor and words as well as in the universal assumption of mourning garb. On Friday the coffin of the Queen was borne from Osborne House to the royal yacht Alberta, followed on foot by the King, the Emperor of Germany, eight English, German, and Danish princes, Queen Alexandra and nine English and German princesses, while behind them walked the members of the royal households, servants, and tenants; all the onlookers seemed impressed by the sight of the royal mourners following on foot "as at a simple village funeral." From Cowes in the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth there lay in long lines thirty British war-ships, five from Germany, one from France, one from Portugal, and one from Japan—none from Russia, perhaps unavoidably, and none from the United States, this certainly unavoidably and to the sincere regret of all Americans. The booming of the minute guns from the fleet made a solemn funeral salvo as the royal cortège passed. In the procession through London on Saturday the military element was most prominent, as the Queen's own written directions provided for a military as distinguished from a state ceremony. Twenty-five thousand troops were used in guarding the route, and no serious accident marred the occasion, although some despatches state that several hundred people were more or less slightly injured owing to the enormous pressure, and received assistance, while many hundreds were unable to gain their view-points, although in many cases scores and even hundreds of pounds had been paid for windows. The soldiers in line represented all branches of the service, the four divisions of the Kingdom, and as far as possible the colonies. The gun-carriage bearing the Queen's body was drawn in London by her famous eight cream-colored horses, but at Windsor the horses provided were restive and the naval detachment—"the Queen's handy men," they have been called—drew the carriage. The King, superbly mounted, followed close after the catafalque, and behind him came the German Emperor, the Duke of Connaught, the Kings of Portugal and Greece, the Crown Princes of Denmark and Sweden. In all there were in line forty sovereigns, heirs to thrones, or princes, while Queen Alexandra and the ladies of the royal families filled six carriages. At Windsor the ceremonies of Saturday were brief but impressive. In St. George's Chapel the funeral service was read by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York assisted. A touch of mediævalism was lent by the Garter King-at-Arms, who proclaimed the dead sovereign's styles and titles and declared her reign closed. On the same day memorial services were held in many churches in New York and other American cities, and in those of all the British possessions. On Monday the private interment took place at the Frogmore mausoleum in Windsor Park, after final services attended by members of the royal family at the Albert Memorial Chapel, and the body of the Queen now reposes beside that of the Prince Consort.

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Overlordship in the Transvaal

In the proclamation at Pretoria of Edward VII.'s accession, a phrase was used which has excited universal attention. Instead of being announced as "Edward, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, . . . and of the annexed territory of the Transvaal," the King was proclaimed as "Supreme Lord of and over the Transvaal." This phrase may have come from the King himself; it sounds like an example of his well-known tact. At all events, it defines the British claim to suzerainty without pressing the annexation policy. One of the cleverest English critics says: "More than any other, such a step is likely to lead to pacification, because it recognizes the entire morale of the Transvaal, keeping it as a separate constituent of the Empire, and placing its laws, customs, traditions, and religion under the supreme separate rule and protection of the King." Pro-Boer papers everywhere have commented approvingly upon the title, since it leaves the way open for a settlement enabling the Boers to enjoy autonomy as a vassal State. On the Continent of Europe the title is regarded as showing a wish to compromise with the former Republics on the basis of home rule, as in the German Empire. It may be remembered that Parliament has not yet enacted into law any measure of reconstruction. Its legislation may possibly be influenced by the reviving of war. On Monday of this week Lord Kitchener reported a British victory at Middleburg and the Boer capture of Modderfontein in the Transvaal. Unconfirmed despatches announce that the Boers in Cape Colony have reached a point on the coast, and that General De Wet has entered the Colony, marching southward from Dewetsdorp in the Orange Free State. Unfortunately for that soldier's reputation, he is said to have put a second peace envoy to death. This report has excited great indignation in Great Britain.

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China and Germany

At last Germans at home are beginning to realize that their troops have, in common with the less civilized Russians, been leaders in the recent atrocities in China. The Cologne "Volks-Zeitung" says: "We hope that these awful conditions will soon cease. The depravity and bestiality also among our troops is enormously on the increase. Large numbers of soldiers are sentenced to long terms in the penitentiaries for rape, murder, and burglary. Our losses are certainly greater that way than by death." A striking confirmation of this is at hand in Mr. Millard's article on "Punishment and Revenge in China" in the current "Scribner's." He shows that the Germans always wanted an enemy in the Far East for their own interests, and were eager to believe that one existed. The Paoting expedition was hailed by them with special enthusiasm. The United States declined to participate in any more offensive operations; indeed, Mr. Millard quotes General Chaffee, who is not given to braggadocio, as stating that he would undertake to march from the Great Wall to Canton with but a single troop of cavalry. However, an expedition to Paoting was decided upon by the Germans, French, Italians, and British. The city was occupied and divided into four parts, each to be exclusively controlled by a different nationality. The British commander issued stringent orders against looting, and his men therefore paid for most of the provisions they consumed; but "the Germans, with exquisite irony, paid in due bills on the Chinese Government; the French and Italians simply appropriated." On the following day the shops were closed except in the British quarter. In the others not only were carts laden with loot seen everywhere, but "now and then a piercing scream broke from the muffling depths of a cluster of houses and spent its echoes in the empty streets . . . sounds with their sinister meaning." Last week a German column of four companies with cavalry, infantry, and artillery started to scour the northwestern district of the province of Chili.

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Not "Fit to Print"

Last week we called attention to an extraordinary sentence in an editorial of the New York "Times" saying that "the Christian missionaries are understood to be the most implacable demanders of Chinese blood," and also are "active in the looting of Chinese property." The New

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York "Times" publishes a reply from a correspondent denouncing both charges as utterly false, and saying that "the only basis of the first is that the missionaries have demanded the death penalty of the leaders of the Boxer movement for politic reasons, and the only basis of the second is that the missionaries took food and clothing from the deserted houses after the siege to clothe and feed the native converts who were utterly destitute." We have not seen that the "Times" has published any retraction of this charge, nor indicated any evidence whatever to substantiate the charge. The only evidence which we imagine can be cited is the statement of Sir Robert Hart that "*some* missionaries took a leading part in spoiling the Egyptians." Such a statement, unaccompanied by specifications, is no basis for the wholesale accusation of the New York "Times." To accuse reputable gentlemen—to say nothing of Christian ministers—with the guilt of robbery and murder is a serious matter. The "Tlmes" owes it to its own reputation to do one of three things: adduce the evidence in substantiation of its charges, retract the charge, or take off from its front page the legend, "All the news that's fit to print." Unsubstantiated slanders against honorable gentlemen are not "news," and certainly such slanders are not "fit to print."

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Chief Justice Marshall

The one hundredth anniversary of the accession of John Marshall, of Virginia, to the great place of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States fell upon Monday of this week, and was appropriately commemorated in many parts of the country. Few events have better deserved commemoration, for Chief Justice Marshall was one of the builders of the Nation; one of that group of five—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and Hamilton—who, perhaps more than any other men, gave shape, direction, and permanent form to American political institutions. Of that group, four were Virginians; for Virginia was at the time the mother of statesmen and jurists. But the men who contributed to the first generation of American statesmen differed very widely in their conceptions of the form which our Government should take. Jefferson represented, as much as any one of the group, democracy in its more radical form; Chief Justice Marshall, like Washington and Hamilton, represented democracy with checks and counterbalances, in order to give it security and steadiness. For more than thirty-four years Chief Justice Marshall put the mark of his interpretation on the Constitution which had been framed, as all great documents are framed in the end, by the harmonizing of diverse opinions. He had the opportunity, therefore, of setting his stamp permanently on American National life; and at the very hour when another great Virginian, Jefferson, was intent upon keeping National life within the smallest possible compass and expanding State life to its largest possible dimensions, Chief Justice Marshall stood for the National idea. From 1801 to 1834 the Constitution was interpreted from the National point of view by a man who believed in the Nation and in the development of the National idea. When Mr. Jefferson declared that the judiciary of the United States were "working underground to undermine the foundations of our federated fabric," he struck the keynote of Chief Justice Marshall's interpretation. The Constitution, in the view of this great jurist, was not the basis of a "confederated fabric," but of a highly organized Nation. For this reason Justice Marshall holds a great place, not only in the legal history of the country, but in the record of its statesmanship. He gave the Supreme Court an influence and a place as one of the constituent parts of the Government which it has never lost; and he bequeathed to the country the tradition of a great judge who not only knew the law, but had the insight of a jurist of the highest order as well as the accuracy of a master of cases.

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The Subsidy Bill's Prospects

The Subsidy Bill and the possibilities of an extra session were the matters of absorbing interest in Congress last week. At one time the advocates of the Subsidy Bill seemed confident that its Democratic opponents would permit the measure to be brought to a vote, and it is certain that several Democratic leaders favored this course. A party caucus was

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proposed to determine the attitude of the opposition, but it was found that no agreement could be reached. As Senator Jones, of Arkansas, stated the situation, it was found that some of his party associates favored the Subsidy Bill, that others opposed it but wished the Republicans to injure themselves by passing an unpopular measure, and that still a third group believed in fighting the obnoxious measure with all the strength they possessed. This third group was particularly strong among the Populists and Silver Republicans, some of whom were ready to make speeches of indefinite length to prevent the bill from passing at the present session, and thus postpone its consideration until the near approach of Congressional elections should thin the ranks of the subsidy supporters. This last wing seems now to be in control of the situation—its power being greatly strengthened, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York "Sun," by the fact that nine or ten Republican Senators from the Middle West are at heart opposed to the subsidy and ready to give indirect aid to its opponents. The number of Congressmen of either party who desire an extra session seems to be extremely small, and the present prospects are that when Congress adjourns on March 3 it will not reassemble until December.

❀

The Cuban Constitution

The Constitutional Convention in Cuba is now considering, section by section and clause by clause, the draft of a Constitution recently laid before it by the committee which has had its preparation in charge. That this draft as submitted by the committee was not complete is shown by the fact that it did not include a definite statement as to the qualifications for suffrage. Last week, however, the Convention, after a spirited debate, adopted a clause providing for universal suffrage; doubtless there are age and sex limitations, but the newspaper reports of the Convention's action do not mention them. The opponents of universal suffrage argued that it would admit too many naturalized Spaniards and other foreigners and thus endanger Cuban liberty, while its advocates, on the other hand, declared that universal suffrage was imperative if alien domination was to be avoided. A debate also took place on the clause dealing with the method of impeaching the President of the republic. The result was that the Senate is given power to suspend the President temporarily, when he is charged with crimes or usurpation by the House of Representatives, and, upon conviction, to dismiss him from office. It is believed that the Convention will adopt the draft of the Constitution, with a few important and necessary additions, but without many serious changes, and that it will then be taken up by the United States Congress, either at the special session of the new Congress which may be called in March, or at its regular session in the fall.

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Provisions of the Constitution

The draft now being acted upon by the Convention declares very positively that "the people of Cuba shall constitute a sovereign State under a republican form of government," and so far the Convention has shown no disposition to include in the Constitution any delegation of sovereign powers, either as regards foreign affairs or fiscal matters, to the United States. The six provinces of Cuba are to be retained substantially as they are now geographically, and are to be called Departments. Liberal provisions are included as to the admission to Cuban citizenship of Spaniards residing in Cuba, of children of foreign parents born in Cuba, and generally of foreigners who desire naturalization. Cuban citizens are to have equal rights under the law, and are to be free from arrest and imprisonment except as prescribed by law; the holding of prisoners for more than twenty-four hours without judicial authority is forbidden. The Convention agreed to an amendment to the article on civil rights providing that any law made to infringe on the rights outlined in the third section should be inoperative, and also an amendment to the effect that the fact of the enumeration in the Constitution of the guaranteed rights did not exclude citizens from other rights implied by the sovereignty of the people. The freedom of speech, of the press, of public meeting, and of religious worship is guaranteed, and Church and State are to be separate. The suspension of civil law can be only by a decree of Congress, or, if Congress is not

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in session, of the President. Congress is to consist of the House of Representatives (one for each 25,000 inhabitants; only citizens of eight years, and at least twenty-five years of age, are eligible, and the term of office is four years), and of the Senate (six members from each of the six Departments are to be elected for six years by electors chosen by the municipalities, and one-third go out of office every two years). Minority representation in a limited degree is provided for. The President and Vice-President are to be elected by direct popular vote for four years. The Justices of the Supreme Court are to be appointed by the President with the approval of the Senate, and are to hold office permanently. The respective powers and duties of the executive and legislative branches correspond pretty closely to those existing under the United States Constitution, and in many other points our Constitution has been followed by the framers of the draft under consideration. The relations between the Departments and the general government will undoubtedly require further discussion, and the draft is likely to be changed in this respect. As it stands, the Departments, formerly provinces, have each a departmental Governor and an Assembly elected for three years, and have some of the powers of our States, although the general government is not in a proper or complete sense a federation of States. Municipal government is to be by "*ayuntamientos*"—that is, a body of Councilmen and Mayor elected by the people of the town. The towns are to have a reasonable degree of "home rule." Provision is made for raising taxes and loans, and Congress is expressly given authority over telegraphs and railways. The Constitution cannot be amended except by a two-thirds vote of both legislative bodies, indorsed by a Constitutional Assembly to be summoned for the purpose. The draft of the Constitution includes no response to Governor Wood's request that the Convention state what in its opinion should be the relations between the United States and Cuba. As such an expression would be valid only as a basis for a treaty between two independent powers, it would seem clear that it ought to be in a separate document from the Constitution.

Restriction of Suffrage

The proposal for a restriction of the suffrage in Maryland, unlike the proposals in some of the other Southern States, makes no attempt directly or indirectly to discriminate against negroes. It is aimed wholly against illiterates, and is equally applicable to men of both races. It has the further advantage of being self-executing. Any law which requires the voter to read and have his capacity to read passed upon by the judges of the election is liable to favoritism in its execution; and when it is further provided that the reader must understand and interpret the Constitution which he reads, it is not only liable to but almost certainly subject to favoritism, since the Democratic judges will be very likely to think a Republican interpretation unintelligent, and Republican judges a Democratic interpretation unintelligent. The Democratic Governor in Maryland proposes simply a new ballot which will not permit the use of party emblems above party tickets, and which will require the tickets to be printed in such a way that only those who can read their ballots will be able with any certainty to vote for the men they desire. Such a law as this put in operation in all the States of the Union would not only secure the State against illiterate voting, but would compel voters who can read and write to exercise intelligent discrimination in their vote, and to acquaint themselves more or less with the character and personality of those for whom they cast their votes. It is reported that this measure will practically disfranchise over thirty thousand negroes and not more than ten thousand whites; and as the illiterate whites in the border States are largely Republican, and as the negroes are nearly all Republicans, it is believed that this ballot law will make it easy for the Democrats to carry Maryland and re-elect Mr. Gorman to the United States Senate. The true remedy for this, however, is not in allowing ignorant and incompetent men to vote because they are Republicans, but in so educating them that they shall become intelligent and competent. An unexpected obstacle, however, to the success of this plan has presented itself in the opposition of the Democratic Mayor of Baltimore. Mayor Hayes has taken the position that to deprive any set of men, white or black, of

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their Constitutional right is a bad step backward. He admits the danger of bribery in connection with the poor and illiterate voters, but he urges that the influence of this class, nevertheless, constitutes an effective check upon many of the most unfortunate tendencies of the times. It is wrong, he says, to put the government in the hands of any class, and the restriction of the suffrage lessens the safeguards that legislation will be in the interests of the whole people. For these reasons he will fight against his party on the disfranchisement proposal. We are not able to agree with Mr. Hayes in his judgment of this ballot law. It does not seem to us that it puts the suffrage into the hands of any class. It puts it into the hands only of those who have intelligence enough to know what they are voting for, and interest enough in public affairs to find out something of the character of those for whom they vote. This cannot be called a class, since any one with reasonable political ambition can easily enter the number by acquiring the necessary intelligence and exercising the necessary interest. The bill seems to us admirable. If there are any objections to it, we should be glad to have them briefly stated in our columns by the objectors.

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The New Kansas Crusade A correspondent gives in another column of this number an account of Mrs. Nation's saloon-smashing crusade in Kansas. Her crusade has since been taken up by a Mrs. Sheriff and carried on in a similar method in other towns. The incident fully justifies the conclusion which our correspondent draws from it, that prohibition does not prohibit. But it justifies a still more serious conclusion, namely, that prohibition promotes lawlessness. The law prohibits the sale of liquor. But this law is openly disregarded, apparently in the smaller towns as well as in the great cities. Then a couple of women set themselves to open and lawless violence to stop what the law has failed to stop. Lynch law is set in operation to enforce an unenforced law, and this lynch law is executed by women. We call this violence lawless, because the defenses set up for it could not and would not stand in any court of justice. The defense is thus expressed by Mrs. Nation's sister in a published interview:

> She [Mrs. Nation] takes the position that, whisky-selling being outlawed in Kansas, the tools of the trade are the paraphernalia of outlawry, too, and that any person has the right to destroy them wherever they are found in Kansas.

It is probable that the destruction by violence of liquor unlawfully held for sale would not constitute a crime; it would be regarded as the destruction of burglars' tools or gamblers' implements when found in use in violation of law. But it is not a crime to possess mirrors and furniture and plate-glass windows, and to destroy them by violence is a lawless act, and is not made a lawful act because they are used as adjuncts to an unlawful traffic. It cannot for a moment be imagined that it it would be lawful for any private citizen to break into a house which was inhabited by burglars and destroy the mirrors and the furniture because there were burglars' tools secreted in the cellar which he could not get at; nor even to enter a gambler's house and destroy his furniture because somewhere on the premises he had gambling implements which he had skillfully concealed. The net result of prohibition in Kansas appears to be a lawless liquor traffic, and lynch law executed by lawless women, instead of a liquor traffic regulated by a law which can be and is enforced by law officers. We do not wonder at the prophecy of our correspondent that the early repeal of the prohibitory law and the substitution of some more rational and practical system in its place are certainties.

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Prize-Fighting The city of Cincinnati has long borne a deserved reputation because of its great service to the whole country in the advancement of one particular form of art—that of music. To further this cause, several decades ago, a splendid hall was erected, which has already, by reason of the superb classical concerts and festivals held there, become in some degree a historical building. A second great concert-hall was recently erected for the use of the North American Saengerbund. Last month it was announced that on February 15, in this Saengerfest Hall, a prize-fight would take place. Public opinion was aroused every-

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where, and it is to the credit of Cincinnati that the influence of righteous men was sufficient at least to check the proposed exhibition. As in many another instance during the last few years where moral questions have been involved, public opinion showed itself here quickly effective; it was doubly so on account of the connection of the announced event with politics. Ohio is a close State in elections. The entire government of Cincinnati is Republican, and, if the fight were permitted, the blame would be cast not only upon the government of Cincinnati, but upon the Republican party of Ohio. The situation is made more interesting from the fact that at the State election next autumn a Governor and full State ticket are to be chosen, and a Legislature which will elect a successor to Senator Foraker. The influence of the proposed fight, however, would be one obtaining far outside mere political party lines. The whole State of Ohio would inevitably be affected by the looseness of a law which allowed any Mayor to license brutality under the flimsy excuse that it was an "athletic event." With characteristic energy, the Cincinnati papers have been making canvasses of leading citizens for opinions in regard to the matter. Incredible as it may seem, some of these opinions favored the fight. We quote a few: "The contest is simply a high-class exhibition of physical force and scientific skill. With five-ounce gloves it is a much less brutal affair than I have often seen at a football game." "I am in favor of the fight, both as a business proposition and personally. It will bring money to the town." "I think the fight a splendid idea, as it will advertise the city." So Tammany's encouragement of vice advertises New York City. The best lawyers of the State have now sent a protest to the Mayor pointing out that for more than thirty years prize-fighting has been denounced by the laws of Ohio, and that a fight under the subterfuge of giving a boxing contest is an unwarranted evasion, since the statutes make it a separate offense to "engage in any public sparring or boxing exhibition." Following this an injunction was brought by the State of Ohio in the Cincinnati court to prevent the fight. If the lower court of Hamilton County should refuse to grant a permanent injunction, the State will immediately carry the case to the Circuit Court, and thence, if necessary, to the Supreme Court, in time to save the State from the disgrace of the violation of its dignity and peace.

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The Stanford University's Defense

The first official statement from any one authorized to speak on behalf of Stanford University which we have seen comes from Dr. J. C. Branner, acting President. We find it in a California paper, and print it in full. It is as follows:

It would appear from many of the statements heard and seen of late that the position of this University with reference to the conduct privileges, and opinions of members of its faculty is totally different from that of any other institution in this country. I recognize the fact that every one connected with or interested in the institution is entitled to know what principles govern its management. Permit me to clear away the fog that seems to have gathered round the subject, and to so state the University's position that I trust there can be no possible misunderstanding it.

The question at issue in the case of Professor Howard is simply this: *Are the professors in this institution at liberty to arraign the university management in the presence of their classes?*

If such a liberty is looked upon as academic freedom, then I beg to say that such freedom (if that is the word) is not and will not be tolerated in this institution so long as it is under its present management.

There is nothing new about this position; it is no new policy; but it has been assumed from the outset that every one recognized the impossibility of university existence under any other conditions.

There are here, as there are elsewhere, proper channels through which all disagreements can be adjusted without overstepping the bounds of official courtesy and propriety. When affairs which concern the faculty or the students, either directly or indirectly, either individually or collectively, require or seem to require modification of any kind, it is the duty and the pleasure of the President to hear and consider every complaint and every suggestion, and every one acquainted with him knows that no man is more accessible than President Jordan.

J. C. BRANNER,
Acting President.

Stanford University, January 17, 1901.

Coupled with this comes an unofficial statement from Dr. Jordan that he was alone responsible for the dismissal of Dr. Howard, and that Mrs. Stanford knew nothing of the dismissal until he cabled the information to her. Neither Dr. Branner's nor Dr. Jordan's statement appears

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to us to clear up the situation. Neither statement throws any light whatever upon the dismissal of Dr. Ross, but a report is published from a committee of the alumni intimating that his dismissal was due to his authorship of a pamphlet in 1896 in favor of free silver, and because of subsequent reports which reached Mrs. Stanford respecting other matters. These reports, however, seem never to have been officially investigated, but they confirmed her opinion of Dr. Ross's unfitness for his position.

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An Inadequate Defense We shall not undertake to sit as a court of review in either of these cases; what we condemn is the nature of the organization of the University which constitutes Mrs. Stanford in the one case and President Jordan in the other a court of last resort. Apparently Stanford University is conducted upon a purely autocratic basis. It appears to be in the power of Mrs. Stanford to cable orders for the dismissal of a professor, and, we judge from the unofficial statements of Dr. Jordan, equally in the power of the President to require such dismissal. We do not know of any other institution of similar standing which is so organized as to give any such autocratic power either to the President or to a single Trustee. It appears to us, and we think it will appear to the American public generally, that no such autocratic power ought to be reposed in any one individual in a great university. If a controversy arises between the President and a professor, the matter is in most colleges referred to the Board of Trustees, who constitute an impartial tribunal, and who are at least supposed to have the interests of the university, rather than those of any one individual, at heart. No university is worthy of confidence, in our judgment, the administration of which depends upon the whim either of a woman in whom are concentrated the powers of a board of trustees and who acts in lieu of such board, or of a president in whom are concentrated the powers both of faculty and of board of trustees, and who can of his own motion dismiss a professor at any time without trial, complaint, inquiry, or investigation by any independent body acting with authority for the organization. Neither Dr. Branner's statement nor Dr. Jordan's relieves Stanford University from the popular odium which has been aroused against it by the autocratic proceedings in the case of Dr. Ross and Dr. Howard.

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Dr. Eliot's Report President Eliot's annual report, like all reports from the same quarter, is an extremely interesting document. Considerable space is devoted to the very successful experiment of bringing the thirteen hundred Cuban teachers to Cambridge last summer. Of these, President Eliot tells us, a fair proportion learned a great deal of English, and got new conceptions of science and history teaching; many were too old to learn a new language or to acquire much intellectual training of any sort, but all gained an acquaintance with American ways of living and with American institutions of many kinds which was of the highest value. The American colleges, the report assures us, are gradually learning how to conduct amateur sports in a reputable manner. Harvard University has now found its way to a satisfactory constitution for a committee to regulate athletics, and the work of this committee has found acceptance, not only among the graduates and undergraduates of Harvard, but in other institutions. There is an encouraging increase in the number of courses offered by Harvard University in arts and sciences, and especially in history, landscape architecture, mining, and metallurgy. The required study of English in the upper college classes has been gradually abolished, ample provision being made in the elective courses. This action has been taken because a large part of the formal training in the writing of English is now furnished by the secondary schools. The report presents the results of the very interesting inquiry made by Dean Briggs, of the University, into the workings of the elective system since 1884, when Freshman studies were first made elective. Dr. Eliot declares that the statistics gathered prove that many of the strongest students of the college abandon the classics and mathematics for studies which seem to them more immediately serviceable in the active pursuits upon which they will enter after leaving college. As a body, the students use the elective

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system with intelligence. There is no extreme specialization, and there is a fair amount of judicious choice of correlated subjects:

> The general conclusion is [says President Eliot] that the boy of eighteen who has had a good training up to that age will ordinarily use the elective system wisely, and that the boy who has had an imperfect or poor training up to eighteen years is more likely to accomplish something worth while under an elective system than any other.

President Eliot notes that the Graduate School of the University is now as large as Harvard College was when he first became a part of its faculty:

> A large proportion of those who take degrees in this school become teachers in universities or secondary schools; and each one of these men becomes a center of knowledge and influence in the place where he establishes himself. As a rule, they are more than specialists—they are men of general cultivation besides being specialists. In the main, this is a school for the humanities—that is, for the languages and literatures, ancient and modern, and for the historical, political, and philosophical sciences.

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Changes at Yale An excellent choice has been made at Yale University of a successor to Professor Fisher in the chair of classical history in the Divinity School. Professor Williston Walker has held the Professorship of Church History at the Hartford Theological School for many years, and is the author of a "History of Congregationalism in the United States." It is understood that this selection was thoroughly approved by Professor Fisher, who, as our readers will remember, resigned last fall after long and distinguished service. Another announcement from New Haven has created decided interest in educational circles: it is a rearrangement of the curriculum which extends the principle of elective courses so that during the last three years of the course the students have a much wider range of possible studies. With this advance in the organization of the elective system, it has also been determined to allow a student to receive the ordinary diploma after a three years' course, provided that those three years have covered a sufficiently large number of courses and the student gives evidence of a thorough understanding of the studies pursued. The course is so arranged that in most cases unusual preparation before entering college will be necessary, as well as much vacation study. A similar system has existed for some time at Harvard, where it is not unusual for a student to receive a diploma after three years, if he gives ample evidence of sufficient knowledge of a satisfactory number of courses.

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Mr. Stelzle and the Workingmen The Rev. Charles Stelzle, of the Menard Street Mission, St. Louis, once served an apprenticeship of five years in the shops of the Hoe Printing-Press Company, New York City, and then labored three years as a worker and unionist. Afterwards he entered the Moody Institute at Chicago to study for the ministry, with the particular purpose of working among day-laborers. Mr. Stelzle is well justifying his peculiar ability for such work. At the beginning of the present year he sent out two hundred copies of a circular-letter to labor leaders. He asked each to answer the questions: "What is the chief fault that workingmen find with the Church?" "How do they regard Jesus Christ?" "What, in your opinion, takes the place of the Church in the life of the average workingman?" "What, in your opinion, should engage the attention or activities of the Church?" Mr. Stelzle has now received replies from half of the letters sent out. With only one exception, he says, his correspondents have attacked the Church. Nearly every labor leader replies that the Church is not for the poor man; that he is not made welcome within its walls; that, in fact, it is a rich man's club. They write that many who go to church on Sundays are employers "who squeeze their men six days in the week." Almost all intimate that the Church is organized hypocrisy. Judged by their letters to Mr. Stelzle, workingmen differ widely in regard to a substitute for the Church. Some declare flatly that it has come to be the saloon; others name the home or an outing; while there are many votes for the labor union and the lodge, and for Socialist meeting-places.

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Mr. Stelzle and Socialism In Socialism especially many of the labor leaders seem to have found a comforting and inspiring faith. With not a

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few Socialists there is reverence professed for Christ, though the replies range in their estimate of him from humanitarianism to theophany; indeed, all the replies distinguish between the Church and the religion of Jesus. Most replies, however, are to the effect that the religion taught by the Apostles is not to be found to-day in any religious institution, and that, when so inclined, workingmen would rather read their Bibles by themselves. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion among Mr. Stelzle's correspondents that the Church should discuss sociological topics and such questions as would interest every one. Workingmen in general, and day-laborers in particular, are complaining that the sermons in most churches are not adapted to popular audiences. If labor troubles are treated at all, they are handled from one standpoint only. The result of all these replies will be to confirm Mr. Stelzle in his purpose, reached before he sent out any letters, namely, to preach a series of sermons on the Workingman and the Church. He will divide his theme into four heads, which will be the subject of as many lectures. "Why some Workingmen do not attend Church" will be the first, following which will be, "The Workingman's Substitute for the Church," "The Workingman and Jesus Christ," and "The Mission of the Church." From his eight years' experience as a machinist, Mr. Stelzle had expected to find that his former fellow-laborers had drifted far from the faith of the churches, but he writes to The Outlook that even he is somewhat surprised to find them so outspoken in their protests.

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Protestant Work in the Philippines

It is interesting to note the progress of religious work among the Filipinos by Protestants. At Manila the Young Men's Christian Association has established comfortable quarters, and has instituted a series of evangelistic services which have been of benefit among our soldiers. The United States Army chaplains come into close contact with the men; this is true especially of hospital work; but, from all accounts, the chaplains in our army are too few in number. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew and the Society of Christian Endeavor have shown marked energy in establishing meetings, and regular church services are held by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists. The work of the last named was started by four Methodist army chaplains, who, however, attempted nothing denominational. At the close of 1898 Mr. Krautch arrived at Manila, and the following March came Bishop Thoburn, of India. This prelate and Mr. Krautch rented the Teatro Filipino and Bishop Thoburn began services there; they were the first distinctly Methodist services held in Manila. Their beneficial effect has been noted far and wide. "El Comercio," one of the Manila newspapers, announced the first service, but in the next issue a letter was printed from the head of the Jesuits taking the editor to task for noticing any Protestant endeavors. This acted as an excellent advertisement among the Filipinos, and led to the beginning of Spanish services. In August, 1899, Nicholas Zamora, a native Filipino (whose work has already been noted in The Outlook), began to preach, and has preached ever since, being ordained to the ministry about a year ago. As soon as possible the Methodists secured a building in which they established a Soldiers' Institute. This endeavor has been of great good, whether one considers its physical benefit from baths and gymnasium, or its mental benefit from the reading-rooms, to which many magazines and newspapers were donated, or the religious stimulus from the meetings, at which there has been a large and regular attendance from the Volunteer regiments. It was at this Institute that steps were taken for the first celebration of Memorial Day in the Philippine Islands; between three and four thousand people attended the subsequent services at Battery Knoll Cemetery. The first Fourth of July celebration was also held in the Soldiers' Institute. Last August Bishop Warne reached Manila to take episcopal charge of the islands. An American writes that he found at Malibai, three miles from Manila, sixty women and one hundred and fifty men present at a Protestant meeting which was being held in the Roman Catholic parish church.

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Dr. Barrows on China

Last week, at Portland, Me., a four days' meeting was held to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding in

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that city of the first Christian Endeavor Society. Every Protestant church in the city was used by the Convention, but the principal gathering was that on Sunday afternoon of this week in the Portland City Hall. It was presided over by the Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark. The addresses were delivered by Dr. Clark, by the Rev. Dr. Hoyt, of Philadelphia, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Hamilton, Ont., and by President John Henry Barrows, of Oberlin College. In an address on Sunday evening Dr. Barrows gave some interesting opinions regarding China, opinions which have great weight coming from such a traveler and careful observer of conditions in many parts of the world. He believes that out of the present agitation and confusion in China one fact will soon become clear—that the chief causes of the uprising of deluded Chinese patriots against foreigners are not the missionaries nor their teachings, but the cruel selfishness, the deliberate and despotic robbery, and the diabolic greed of which the so-called Christian Powers have been guilty. In proving his point President Barrows showed that Great Britain forced the deadly opium traffic upon China. Regarding the question of protecting the missionaries, the speaker said that to do otherwise would be treason to civilization. "Reparation must be made for the burning of Christian property and for the destruction of Christian lives." Then "there will be both in China and America a clearer perception of the unselfishness and brave devotion of those . . . who have taken up the greatest task which ever called forth the energies of Christian disciples since the Church began her aggressive work in the empire of ancient Rome."

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For Industrial Betterment The League for Social Service has added a new line to its work. A weekly report on industrial betterment is forwarded to its commercial members. The first of these contains, with an account of the annual award of prizes to the employees of the Briarcliff Farms, near Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, a report of the Farms' business methods in agriculture, communal home for unmarried employees, reclamation of waste land, etc., and the spirit of co-operation animating all branches of the work and contributing to its success. In the commercial membership of the League, the fee for which is $25 per year, some very large concerns are included, as the Bethlehem Steel Company and the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company. The conviction seems to be spreading among employers that there is a pecuniary as well as a moral interest in providing something beyond mere wages for the mass of their partners in production.

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Our Duty to Cuba

In April, 1898, in connection with the declaration of war against Spain, Congress passed the following resolution respecting Cuba:

> That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

It may have been a mistake, and in our judgment it was a mistake, for Congress to declare what the Nation would do in the future. It is rarely wise for a nation to pledge itself to a future course of action when the wisdom of that action is necessarily dependent upon conditions which cannot be foreseen; and Congress in April, 1898, could not foresee what would be the conditions of Cuba in February, 1901. If every community has a right to independence, the declaration of Congress was wise; but, in our judgment, every community has not a right to independence. Independence is not an end, but a means to an end. When Turkey used its independence to plunder and rob the Armenians, it was both the right and the duty of European Powers to interfere with its independence for the protection of Turkey's subjects. Whether Cuba ought to be independent or not depends upon her ability to conserve justice and liberty within her island.

But, whether this pledge of the United States was a mistake or not, the pledge cannot now be withdrawn or modified. It is quite conceivable that, if this pledge had not been made, the Cubans might not have co-operated with us, that European Powers might have interfered, that Spain might not have surrendered Cuba

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to us. Having made a pledge on which other Powers may well have based their action, we have no right now to act as though it had not been made. If a nation can make a promise in one year, and three years later act as though the promise had not been made, there is an end to trust and confidence among the nations of the earth. We have pledged ourselves to leave the government and control of Cuba to its people as soon as the island is pacified. On this condition and on this alone is our promise based. The fulfillment of this pledge, therefore, does not depend upon the merits of the Constitution adopted by the Convention. It does not depend upon the satisfactoriness of that Constitution to us, nor upon the satisfactoriness of the relations which the new Cuban government proposes to make with us, still less upon our conviction that the Cubans will make good use of their independence. Congress might have reserved to the Nation the right to determine upon what conditions it would withdraw when the war was ended. It might have reserved to the Nation the right to determine beforehand whether Cuba would make good use of her independence in maintaining justice and liberty for her people. But this it did not do. On the contrary, it promised Cuba independence irrespective of her capacity for it and of the use she would probably make of it; and this promise the Nation is, by every consideration of National honor, bound to fulfill. If Cuba shall make bad use of its independence, if it shall so use its independence as to injure the United States, or even so use its independence as to work gross practical injustice within its own boundaries, America may have a right to interfere; but it has not now any right to interfere simply because it apprehends such results from independence.

In our judgment, the President has a right to act of his own motion upon this resolution of Congress passed in April, 1898; that is, the President has a right to withdraw, perhaps it is even his duty to withdraw, American forces from the island as soon as he is satisfied that any kind of government is set up within the island which is able and willing to keep the peace. But Congress ought not to throw this responsibility upon the President. As Congress has resolved that the government and control of the island shall be left to its people upon the pacification of the island, Congress ought to determine when that pacification is complete. It has a right to satisfy itself that there is a *de facto* government set up in Cuba. It has a right to satisfy itself that this *de facto* government is able to keep the peace. This is all that it has a right to demand. In our judgment, Congress ought either to be called together in special session, if that be necessary, to determine whether Cuba has such a *de facto* government, or it ought to pass a resolution authorizing and directing the President to withdraw all United States forces from the island as soon as he is satisfied that Cuba has such a *de facto* government. If Congress does not do this, then the President ought to withdraw the United States forces of his own motion from the soil of an island which the Supreme Court of the United States has already decided is foreign territory, and upon which our troops are remaining only to keep the peace, and only until a *de facto* government exists which is able and willing to keep the peace.

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The Subsidy Bill's Worst Feature

The Outlook has already stated its reasons for opposing all measures to tax the public for the enrichment of a particular class, and also its reasons for believing that the best way to restore the American merchant marine to its old supremacy in the carrying trade is to restore to American citizens the privilege of buying ships in the cheapest market. Were the pending subsidy bill, therefore, as good as a subsidy bill can be, we would condemn it as economically wasteful, politically unjust, and morally promotive of legislative corruption. The pending bill, however, is in fact almost as bad as a subsidy bill can be, and its detailed provisions bring out in high relief the wastefulness, the injustice and jobbery, inseparable from legislative grants to private interests.

Briefly stated, the provisions of the measure are as follows:

The bill donates nine million dollars a year for twenty years to ships owned either by American firms or by corporations

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in which Americans hold more than half the stock. The subsidy cannot be paid to any ship hereafter built abroad unless its owners agree to build a ship of equal capacity in American yards. The subsidy granted to any particular vessel is in general proportion to its carrying capacity, its speed, and the number of return trips it makes each year; but if the ship is foreign built, and not already registered as an American ship, it receives but half the usual subsidy. The exact amount that will be paid to each ship can only be estimated, but the estimates of the Commissioners are thought never to overstate the amount a particular ship may receive. We condemn the measure for the following reasons:

In the first place, as has now been repeatedly shown upon the floor of Congress, the drafting of the bill is the work of a committee of twenty-five, of whom only one-fifth are members of Congress, and of whom nearly every member seems to be directly interested in ship-owning and ship-building companies. The chairman of this committee is Mr. C. A. Griscom, the President of the International Navigation Company. Senator Frye has apologized for the composition of the committee by saying that it was necessary to have "experts" to draft its complicated provisions, but he apparently forgot the necessity of experts to represent the interests which pay for these subsidies, as well as the interests which are to receive them.

In the second place, as was shown by Representative Thayer, of Massachusetts, in his short address last week, the proposed subsidies can be awarded only to about one-eighth of the shipping employed in our foreign carrying trade before the nine-million-dollar limit is reached. In other words, even the extravagant offer of nine million dollars a year in subsidies will not materially increase the percentage of foreign shipments now carried in American bottoms. To-day nine per cent. of our foreign shipments is thus carried; whereas a generation ago, when Americans could buy the cheapest ships in the world, seventy-five per cent. was carried under our flag. The present bill precludes the hope of restoring the American merchant marine to its former position. The offered subsidies are in the main granted to the ships now owned by American companies, or now under construction for them in American or foreign yards.

In the third place, the number of these companies is extremely limited. A half-dozen of them will receive nearly all of the subsidy. We have hesitated to make or even report statements upon this point, because the bewildering character of the provisions of the bill made it difficult to know just what the public is asked to do. We have no reason, however, to doubt the substantial fairness of the statement made by President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, that as the bill was first drawn about $7,500,000 out of the $9,000,000 offered would go to the International Navigation Company—or what is known as the American Line. The bill has since been amended, and its largesses have been more widely distributed. But the general character of the measure has not been changed, and the estimates recently put forward by the New York Reform Club seem to be conservative, since most of them are taken from the reports issued by the Commissioners of Navigation in championship of the pending bill. They cover only the subsidies to fast vessels already flying our flag, to vessels already owned by Americans but flying foreign flags, and to vessels already under construction; but these subsidies are not only typical, but cover more than half the whole amount offered. The important figures are as follows:

(1) International Navigation Co....	$2,332,000
(2) New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Co.....	626,000
(3) Atlantic Transport Co.....	845,000
(4) Pacific Mail Steamship Co.	590,000
Total.....	$4,393,000
All other companies and firms (17)..	1,288,000

In other words, four companies receive about four-fifths of all the subsidies granted. The present subsidy, therefore, is not a subsidy granted on equal terms to all who will engage in the shipping industry. The great bulk of it is directly distributed among a few great companies in proportion to the ships they now own, and nearly all the remainder will be distributed among the same companies in proportion to the new ships they immediately engage to build.

It appears to us that the Ship Subsidy Bill is the most open and undisguised

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attempt to take millions of dollars out of the pockets of all the people and put the money into the pockets of a very few of the people that has been made in Congress for many a year.

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The Abolition of the Canteen

By the passage of the Army Bill the army canteen has been abolished, but the interest in the question, we are glad to say, has not been abolished. We print elsewhere some letters on the question from various correspondents attacking the canteen, a letter from Mr. George Kennan defending it, and a series of questions answered by an army officer neither attacking nor defending, but giving the plain facts. To all these we direct the attention of our readers.

We have re-read the statement of our position on the abolition of the canteen which appeared in The Outlook for the 19th of January, and we cannot see that the letters of protest appearing on another page demand any modification of our views, or even any restatement of them. But, for the sake of clearness, and with a desire to reassure some of our correspondents who apparently do not quite understand our point of view, we shall go over the ground once more very briefly.

(1) All drinking of alcoholic beverages is either absolutely wrong under all circumstances, or else some drinking is right at some time. There is too great a difference of opinion in this country as to the use of liquor to warrant the Government, in our opinion, from asserting by law that all drinking is always a crime against society, and therefore to be suppressed by the force of law.

(2) We see absolutely no reason why the enlisted private soldier should be forbidden to drink by the Government, while his officers, whether they are lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, or generals, are permitted to drink. As a matter of fact, the only thing that the Government now attempts to prohibit is drunkenness. Officers are permitted to drink in their clubs and in their homes, and the enlisted private, even if he is forbidden to drink on the Government post, can take whatever he likes, and generally as much as he likes, outside the gates of the post.

(3) Our correspondent who compares the attitude of the Government toward the private soldier with that of our best railways towards their employees has hit upon a telling but not altogether accurate analogy. We should very much prefer to travel on the Empire State Express run by an engineer who is a total abstainer, or at least an enforced total abstainer while on duty. But it must be remembered that the railroad employee can resign at any moment when he feels that his personal rights are infringed upon by the corporation which employs him. The enlisted private cannot resign when the life becomes irksome. He can, it is true, refuse to enlist, and that, in the opinion of army officers, is what many of the better class of men will do.

(4) The private soldier sees no reason, nor should he see any reason, why he may not drink beer and wine if his officers drink beer and wine. If he desires beer, and cannot get it on the Government post under the restrictions that the Government has a right to impose as to the sale of food or tobacco or clothing, he will go outside of the post and drink without any restriction at all. As a matter of fact, this is just exactly what he does do, and about the gates of every Government post and garrison are clustered a nest of low and vicious groggeries, whose proprietors use all sorts of wiles and temptations to get the monthly pay of enlisted men in exchange for liquors of a vile quality.

In conclusion, and in view of the conditions which we have thus tried to state, we are opposed to the anti-canteen movement, not because we are in favor of selling beer to the soldiers, but because we desire to see the sale of liquor restricted and regulated. Whatever agitation, wise or unwise, just or unjust, may be made by the sincere advocates of temperance, it still remains an undeniable fact that the private soldier believes that he has a right to drink, and that in much, if not most, of his drinking he is satisfying an innate social instinct—the instinct for companionship with other men in gathering-places where conversation and exchange of ideas and experiences may be enjoyed. This is an instinct that is at the bottom of all social, literary, and even religious clubs. We

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think that some sort of social center ought to be maintained in each camp and garrison. Such a meeting-place the post canteen has provided, and we do not see that the agitation against the canteen has so far resulted in any substitute being offered. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and until the War Department, or those who believe in the abolition of the sale of beer, energetically propose some attractive and practical form of social club for the enlisted men, we shall be inclined to think that the canteen is better than nothing. We think that the prohibitionists, sincere and laudable as their antagonism to the drink evil is, have been singularly blind to the fact that the saloon furnishes a social center to thousands of men. In our opinion, what is needed, not only in military garrisons, but in every municipality and village community as well, is not only the abolition of the saloon evil, but the substitution of some sort of social meeting-ground to take its place.

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Church and State in France

In all Roman Catholic countries we may distinguish between priests and monks. As a class the former are believed to be at present better representatives of intelligence, morality, and progress than their predecessors have been in any age. On the other hand, monks are largely mere reactionaries. In France they doubly offend the Republic. Not only do they encourage the political as well as the religious domination of the Vatican, but they have accummulated vast wealth which does not pay its portion of taxation. Half a century ago they possessed ten million dollars' worth of property; to-day their holdings are estimated at ostensibly twenty times that sum, while it would be increased were there included in the estimate property nominally held in trust or otherwise concealed.

In 1801 Napoleon and Pius VII. agreed upon a Concordat or compact under which the Government pays several million dollars a year for the support of the bishops and other Roman Catholic clergy of France. The provisions of the Concordat, declares M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Prime Minister, while applying to bishops and priests, do not apply to monastic orders, since these are not mentioned in the text. The defenders of the monks, however, claim that the Concordat was intended to include them as well as the clergy.

The Pope, affirms the French Premier, "has rights as the spiritual head of Roman Catholics, but the State also has rights, written in the Concordat, which it will insist shall be respected." Chief among these rights is that of governmental control. As all legalized associations (especially those including foreign members, or having their headquarters outside of the Republic) owe their existence in France to governmental decree, religious associations, says M. Waldeck-Rousseau, fall properly within this category. This principle of government control applies especially to those orders which, like the Assumptionists, have been proved to be centers of political intrigue.

This condition of affairs is not characteristic of the present time only; it has been characteristic of every age and country where the Roman Catholic orders have prevailed. In France three decades ago a movement to check them was started by Gambetta, and continued by Jules Ferry. In the last thirty years the civil power has removed the tokens of Vatican supremacy from public monuments; has taken the Sisters of Charity from the Government hospitals; has secularized the national schools. Church schools, however, are still carried on with much success by three-quarters of the three thousand religious houses in France, the inmates of these houses finding the other half of their work in deeds of charity and mercy. While the labors of many monks are strictly confined to the above endeavors, other monks are engaged in a propaganda having as its end to excite anti-Jewish and anti-republican feeling. With characteristic courage, the present French Premier resolved to strike at the root of the menace both to society and to politics, and for this purpose has introduced a bill into the French Parliament by which the acquisition of property by all religious congregations, whether monastic orders or not, will be limited, and the orders themselves controlled by the Government.

Last week the debate on the bill

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to an end. When the discussion was opened a month ago, of the ex-Prime Ministers of France three opposed the measure and two sided with M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The Duc de Broglie, who died two weeks since, had fought the bill with all the zeal of a Royalist by instinct though a Republican by necessity. The opposition of MM. Méline and Ribot seemed more statesmanlike. In a speech recently the latter defended the Concordat, saying that it was a guarantee of religious peace; he accused the Government of interfering with the freedom of teaching and of preventing the appeasement of the country. While he favored the supremacy of the civil power, he refused to follow the Government in a campaign against Roman Catholicism. His speech was regarded as a clever bid for the next premiership. The week's debate, however, was chiefly notable in bringing face to face the two finest orators of the French Chamber of Deputies, Count Albert de Mun and the Premier himself. Fortunately for the lively interest so easily awakened in France, the two were on opposite sides. Count Albert reproached M. Waldeck-Rousseau for his previous denunciations of the wealth of the religious orders as an economic peril, as intended to revive the ancient dread of religious serfdom, and insisted that the steps proposed by the Government were inconsistent with republican equality, especially as regards freedom of conscience and property rights of the citizens. The Premier replied that the bill would test the question whether civil power or religious power was to have supremacy. He denied that the rights of the Church were threatened, declared that by the bill the Government desired to assure the normal development of all the country's institutions, and affirmed, nevertheless, that, unless the freedom of the monks were curtailed, the freedom of the citizens of France would be at an end. By an emphatic majority vote the Chamber directed that the speech be posted throughout the country. Thus, in the two votes taken during the debate, the Ministry has triumphed each time. Its friends, therefore, declare that the control of education, the unwarranted accumulation of wealth, and the subversive political influence of the monastic orders have now reached their limit. In the words of that austere Radical and ex-Premier, M. Brisson, the orders are really in a state of revolt against the laws. In the words of another ex-Premier, M. Bourgeois—who also sympathizes with the proposed reform—every association of men must, at all costs, be prevented from taking possession of the consciences of individuals.

Behind the present measure lies an issue clearly recognized by both sides—the separation of Church and State. Sooner or later this separation will come. We are living in the twentieth, not the tenth, century. The most significant step towards this end yet taken in France we believe to be the debate of the past few weeks, followed by its triumphant conclusion for the separatists. It is but a first step, however. At present M. Waldeck-Rousseau wishes to enact only such a measure as would give to the Government control of all associations, religious or otherwise. In common with the far-sighted and courageous Ministry which now holds power at Paris, The Outlook also believes that an absolute divorce of Church and State is the one way to prevent certain Roman Catholic communities in such a country as France from becoming centers of political propaganda. And we suggest to our readers, and to those especially who have present direction of our political affairs, that this debate indicates clearly the peril which would confront the Philippine islands if the control which the friars have contrived to exert in that archipelago through their immense landed estates is allowed to be legalized, established, and confirmed under our authority. We suggest also to our Roman Catholic brethren that the spiritual supremacy of their own Church in the Philippines has no greater enemy than the industrial and political dominance of these Orders. If the plan of the Taft Commission could be carried out—the lands purchased of the friars and made public lands, and their economic supremacy ended—and especially if this could be done with the co-operation of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, the present prejudices against the Church growing out of the popular hostility to these Orders would be at once and forever brought to an end.

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The Canteen from an Army Point of View

By George Kennan

At the request of the Editors of The Outlook Mr. Kennan has made a special investigation of the canteen question among army officers and others in Washington who have had personal knowledge about the working of the system. We are sure that our readers will find this study of more practical value than any theorizing. Several letters from correspondents who take a different view are printed elsewhere, and an editorial on the topic will be found on another page.

IN connection with certain other work that I have been doing in Washington, I have recently had an opportunity to ascertain the views of a number of high army officers with regard to the influence of the canteen in the repression of drunkenness among enlisted men. As this subject has not hitherto been treated in your columns from the professional point of view—that is, from the standpoint of army officers who are directly interested in the efficiency of the soldier not only as a man but as part of a fighting machine—I venture to send you the substance of an interview which I have recently had with a distinguished officer of the regular army, who has served as post commander in various parts of the United States, and who was perhaps the ablest and most trusted man on the staff of the late General Lawton in the Philippines.

In reply to a series of questions from me, this officer said:

"The first opportunity that I had to observe the practical working of the post exchange in its present form was at Fort Porter, N. Y. This post was situated in the heart of the city, and it contained one of the best-disciplined garrisons that I have ever seen in the service. Before we had a canteen in which the men could meet, talk, smoke, and drink beer when off duty, the low saloons in the immediate vicinity of the post were places of resort for the soldiers of the garrison, and were an almost constant source of trouble and disorder. After every pay-day, the men—or many of them—would go to these saloons, drink cheap, bad whisky, get drunk, and finally bring up in the guard-house, where they would be held for trial by court martial.

"When the post exchange was made a club for the enlisted men, and they could meet there for social enjoyment, and talk with one another over a glass of beer, there was a remarkable change for the better. The saloons lost nearly all of their garrison patrons, and in the first four months after the opening of the canteen not a single soldier in that post was arrested or tried for drunkenness. The purchasing power of the men's money was increased more than twenty per cent.; there was a marked change for the better in their health, appearance, and discipline, and the greatest improvement became manifest everywhere.

"At Fort Davis, Texas, where I was afterward stationed, the opening of the canteen was followed by exactly the same results.

"But perhaps the most noteworthy illustration of the usefulness of the canteen is furnished by my experience at Fort Clark, Texas. This post is near the little town of Brackettsville, which has been known for years as one of the 'toughest' places of its size in all the West. Before the canteen was established, and was made a comfortable and attractive place for the enlisted men, the scenes in and about the post on pay-days were simply disgraceful. The soldiers would go to the town, drink vile liquor, get raving drunk, visit gambling-places and houses of ill fame, lose all their money, and finally be arrested by the civil authorities. In some cases 'knock-out drops' would be given to them in the low groggeries to which they resorted, and after they had been robbed they would be brought back to the post insensible, on boards or shutters. There were fights, stabbing affrays, suicides, and tragedies of all sorts.

"With the opening of the canteen all this was changed. Many of the saloons were forced out of business, and the profits of those that remained were greatly decreased. Some of the saloon-keepers came to me and urged me to put a higher price on beer in the post exchange, and to stop selling sherry, which the older men, who were addicted to the use of

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strong drink, had begun to buy in the canteen, instead of going to the saloons after whisky. They drank the sherry in moderation; it satisfied their craving, and they didn't get drunk.

"In connection with our canteen at Fort Clark we had, in a separate building, a room which was used as a restaurant for the officers; another room for the married soldiers; and a large general-merchandise store, where the men could buy what they wanted at first-cost price, or order anything that was to be had in the United States. With the profits of the canteen, which were derived almost exclusively from the sale of beer, we established a soldiers' library, subscribed for periodicals, improved the gymnasium, provided the requisites for baseball and football, and bought garden seeds so that the men could raise vegetables. From the canteen fund, moreover, there was set apart a dollar a month per man—or about sixty-five dollars a month for the average company—which was used to buy luxuries, such as butter, milk, fruit, etc., for the men's table. Now and then we would entertain them with music, which was also paid for out of the canteen fund. In short, the canteen was run as a club for the enlisted men; and we made it a home for them as far as possible. A civilian does not get drunk, as a rule, in his own home. Neither does a soldier get drunk in his own canteen. He finds there the social enjoyment and some of the home comforts of which the service necessarily deprives him, and in the enjoyment of them he becomes better, happier, and more contented.

"I am perfectly sure that the canteen offers to a young lad, just released from the influences of home, no greater temptation or stronger allurement to drink than that presented by the saloon in the very village from which he comes. A large percentage of the men at every army post are total abstainers, and I have not found, in my experience, that a young recruit who refuses to drink is laughed at or ridiculed by his comrades. The whole influence of the canteen is restraining and repressive. It makes the men sober and self-respecting, and it is, in the true sense of the words, a temperance agency of the highest value. My deliberate judgment is that the anti-canteen amendment was the most mistaken and disastrous piece of legislation ever put into an army bill. In the whole circle of my acquaintance I do not know an officer or a soldier who does not regard the abolition of the canteen with disapproval and profound regret."

I need not comment on the above statement further than to say that it is exactly in accordance with the views of all the army officers whom I have questioned, from the Adjutant-General down.

Said one of these officers to me: "Who has the most vital interest in the health and the efficiency of the common soldier? Is it the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who see him only now and then on dress parade? Or is it the officer who lives with him, and who leads and directs him on the firing-line? If the men lose their nerve and their fighting efficiency as a result of intemperate habits, who suffers for it when they go into action—in Cuba or in the Philippines? Is it the prohibitionists? Not much! It is the officer who leads them. His reputation, his career, his very life, may depend upon their nerve, their coolness, and their physical condition. What reason has he, then, to support the canteen, if the canteen be the demoralizing, intoxication-promoting agency that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union women say it is? And why should not the opinion of such an officer with regard to the canteen be taken in preference to the opinion of a few hundred or a few thousand women who never saw a blow struck in anger or a shot fired in action? My soldier, to me, is not only a man, whom I am bound to care for, but he's a fighting machine, upon whose efficiency depends everything that I seek and everything that I most value in my professional career. If, therefore, I support the canteen, it is because I have found, as a matter of experience, that it prevents drunkenness, promotes temperance, and makes my soldiers more trustworthy, more capable, and more efficient as fighting men."

As an inexperienced civilian, I do not venture to express an opinion as to the strength and cogency of this argument; but if I were an army officer engaged in active service in the Philippines, I think I should regard it as conclusive.

That nineteen-twentieths of all the offi-

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cers in our regular army do support the canteen is an incontrovertible fact. At the hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate, in December last, the War Department submitted a statement showing that among the supporters of the canteen were all of the generals now in the service except two; all of the ten colonels of cavalry; all of the seven colonels of artillery; all of the forty-nine colonels of infantry except one; and five hundred and four out of the five hundred and sixteen commanding officers of companies, batteries, and troops. And yet, in the face of this overwhelming preponderance of testimony in favor of the canteen, the anti-canteen amendment was adopted in both houses of Congress by a vote of two or three to one (in the Senate 34 to 15, and in the House 159 to 51).

It seems to be the impression here that the adoption of this amendment, in spite of the army, was due mainly to the influence of the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

That there was a good deal of dodging of the canteen question in both houses of Congress appears from the significant fact that thirty-seven Senators and one hundred and forty-six Representatives did not vote. Conversation with Senators who did vote for the anti-canteen amendment discloses another interesting fact, which is that a majority of such Senators voted directly against their own personal convictions, in obedience to what they believed to be the voice of the people. Every one of them had been getting two to three hundred letters a day from persons urged to write by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and more than half of them allowed personal judgment and conviction to be overborne.

The War Department is now in receipt of a letter from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union urging it (the Department) to take such measures and provide such requisites as may be necessary in order to make the post exchange an attractive place of resort for enlisted men. The Department has replied that it has no funds available for this purpose; but that it will take great pleasure in complying with the request as soon as Congress shall make an appropriation with which butter, milk, fruit, books, periodicals, games, and other things for the use of the enlisted men of the army may be purchased.

In the course of my investigation of this subject I have happened to come across a little pamphlet of eight pages entitled "Testimony of Military Officers against the Army Canteen." It bears neither signature nor date, and nobody seems to have cared to assume direct responsibility for it; but it has apparently been circulated, within the past two months, as an anti-canteen document, by the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union or their friends. It contains, among other things, a letter from Adjutant-General Corbin written in 1892, and an undated statement from Surgeon-General Sternberg, both condemning the canteen. These communications, if fairly representative of the views of the officers quoted, would be valuable testimony; but it appears from the records of the War Department that General Corbin changed his mind with regard to the canteen when the latter assumed its present form as an enlisted man's club, and that he is now, and has for some time been, one of its strongest supporters. General Sternberg also was forced by the logic of facts and events to revise his opinion, and on the 1st of October, 1900, he officially reported to the Adjutant-General as follows:

"I am obliged to admit that, from a practical point of view, it" (the canteen) "seems to have accomplished very desirable results in reducing the amount of drunkenness in the army, and the disposition on the part of the soldiers to leave their stations for the purpose of obtaining spirituous liquors."

General Corbin, after he became a supporter of the canteen, reported to the Chairman of the Senate Military Committee that the canteen had improved the discipline of the army, decreased desertion, lessened the number of trials by court martial, prevented the men from going outside after strong intoxicants, and thus decreased drunkenness. It had also reduced the cases of delirium tremens by 31 per cent.; the cases of insanity from intoxicants by 31.7 per cent.; and the cases of hospital treatment for alcoholism from 64 per 1,000 to 30 per 1,000. He then adds: "In the face of all the testimony to the beneficent influence of the canteen as an aid to morality, health, and

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discipline, the army views with dismay any action of Congress looking to its abolition."

Now, if the compilers of the pamphlet to which I have above referred were aware of this change of view on the part of Adjutant-General Corbin and Surgeon-General Sternberg, and if they consciously ignored it in the preparation of their campaign document in order to give the impression that the Adjutant-General and Surgeon-General are still opposed to the canteen, they were apparently guilty of what is known in the legal profession as "sharp practice." In view of this and other similar considerations, I hope and trust that the pamphlet in question has not been sanctioned by any reputable organization, but is the hasty work of a few badly informed people in Auburn, N. Y., where it seems to have been printed.

Some Canteen Questions Answered

[At our request Mr. Kennan, during his investigation of the canteen question, presented the following questions to a distinguished officer of the regular army who is peculiarly well informed concerning the operations of the canteen. His answers are a plain but illuminating statement of fact.—THE EDITORS.]

Question 1. What are the regulations concerning drinking among enlisted privates? Can they have beer or liquors at their meals? Can they have them in the barracks?

Ans. Enlisted men can get beer and light wines in the canteen, but not elsewhere within the limits of the post. The commanding officer has power to permit the drinking of beer and light wines at meals or in barracks; but, in practice, this has never been allowed.

Ques. 2. Under the present law is liquor sold at all forts and government posts and camps? Is anything besides beer sold at such posts and camps?

Ans. Beer and light wines may be sold at all forts and government posts and camps, but liquor—that is, "hard" liquor—is not sold at such posts except in officers' clubs.

Ques. 3. Are there any regulations concerning alcoholic drinks which apply to commissioned officers, beyond regulations concerning drunkenness?

Ans. No. During the past fifteen years, however, there has been a constantly increasing tendency to discourage the use of intoxicants by commissioned officers. Officers, and especially young, recently appointed men, are advised not to drink anything at all. Statistics show that there is far less drinking among commissioned officers of the army than among professional men generally in civil life. The feeling and tendency, of late years, have been wholly against it.

Ques. 4. Will the abolition of the sale of beer and light wines to enlisted men result in the abolition of the post exchange, or can a social club or meeting-place be carried on without the sale of liquor?

Ans. This is a question that cannot yet be answered. All of the officers with whom I have talked are of opinion that without the revenue now derived from the sale of beer and light wines the post exchange cannot exist. All other commodities heretofore furnished by the post exchange have been sold at cost, so that there has been no revenue from that source. The profits of the canteen, which have been used to make the place comfortable and attractive to the soldiers, have come wholly from the sale of beer and light wines. It is doubtful whether the post exchange can be maintained as a soldiers' club after this source of revenue shall have been cut off.

Ques. 5. Does the Government propose to conduct such clubs or meeting-places, with opportunities for reading and smoking and conversation?

Ans. No; the Government does not propose to do anything of the kind. It will be left to the discretion of the post commander, and experience has shown that clubs conducted under such conditions would be impracticable. They would not be patronized.

Ques. 6. If not, would it permit private assistance to introduce the social club life? Can the Young Men's Christian Association introduce a branch into any fort, post, or camp, without the special permission of the commanding officer?

Ans. It would depend upon the post commander and the desire of the garrison. There are no regulations to prevent it.

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France and England

By Jean C. Bracq

THE working of the journalistic agencies that mold public opinion in the United States has created the conviction that France is the prime disturber of Anglo-French harmony. The Associated Press contributes no little to this by its fragmentary and sensational reports from France, and by its policy of presenting spicy, stirring reading-matter rather than objective facts. Its cablegrams, interpreted by incompetent journalists, have still further misled the American public. Add to this the reading of English newspapers, with their underlying currents of unfriendliness to France, and the opinion is inevitably formed that her citizens can neither understand their neighbors across the Channel nor leave them alone—that the French have displayed considerable arrogance towards England, and that the present condition of peace is due chiefly to the calm and forbearance of the British. Such an opinion, though held by well-informed men, is not supported by facts.

There are those who even now repeat the old platitudes of the traditional antagonism between France and England, referring to William of Normandy, Joan of Arc, the "Hundred Years' War," and wars of more recent times; but they forget that there is also a historical Anglo-French sympathy that intelligent readers cannot overlook. If France had long contentions with England, she was also the first country to understand her, and to make her appreciated and admired by other countries. "The literature of France," says Macaulay, "has been to ours what Aaron was to Moses, the expositor of great truths which would else have perished for want of a voice to utter them with distinctness. . . . The great discoveries in physics, in metaphysics, in political science, are ours. But scarcely any foreign nation except France has received them from us by direct communication. Isolated by our situation, isolated by our manners, we found truth, but we did not impart it. France has been the interpreter between England and mankind." The first and the best early studies of the English Constitution were the work of two Frenchmen—De Solme and Montesquieu. Voltaire pointed out the superiority of England in the matter of institutions. The French thinkers of the latter half of the eighteenth century used superlatives only in their references to the ideal side of England; and Madame de Staël, as well as Chateaubriand, was most friendly. The historian Augustin Thierry seems all sympathy for the Anglo-Saxons in their struggles against the Norman French. Guizot praises the British constantly in his writings, as well as in his utterances as ambassador and his speeches as Prime Minister. Taine's partiality for England may be seen by his "Notes on England" as compared with a similar book on Paris. All the important literary and scientific and philosophical works of England and Scotland have been translated, read, and admired. Walter Scott excited a real enthusiasm, and his works have left deep traces upon art and literature. A long list could be given of Frenchmen of distinction who have dealt in an able and sympathetic way with various phases of English life and genius. Montégut, Jusserand, Filon, Max-Leclere, Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, and Pierre de Courbetin are men ever ready to speak of "our great English neighbors." Bourget admires even the British Sunday. Boutmy has analyzed, in a similar spirit, the political evolution of England in the eighteenth century, and Francis de Pressensé has given signally impartial sketches of her foreign relations. Demolins is a most perfect, though ultra, Anglomaniac. Several Frenchmen of eminence have shown excessive admiration for British colonies, while following a policy of systematic disparagement of the colonial adventures of France. Where are the English writers who, like Chailley-Bert and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, have been fair with the colonies of both nations? In their company we might place the French Egyptologist, Maspero, who, in his letter to "Le Temps," paid an eloquent tribute to the rapid transformation of Egypt by English enterprise. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Del-

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cassé, has rebuked French jingoes and Anglophobians for their attitude towards England. When has the representative of the Foreign Office spoken in a similar manner to the Gallophobians of Great Britain?

The French have proven themselves capable of doing justice to England's contributions to human welfare, and to the admirable qualities of Englishmen. The superb self-control of the British nation during the most trying days of a war that is considered unjust by almost every one on the Continent has been recognized by the French, no less than the self-consecration of those who ministered to the sick and the wounded. Moreover, it must be remembered that during many years there was the *entente cordiale* between the two countries, and, later on, an alliance whereby the soldiers of both nations stood side by side upon the same battlefields. Within the memory of the writer many Frenchmen were accustomed to speak of "our noble allies," and to use epithets implying limitless confidence in the English. If the two nations have often disagreed, they have also concurred in the realization of vital international measures. It is very much to their credit that they have solved difficulties that appeared staggering at first, such as that of Madagascar in 1890, that of Siam and the whole Indo-Chinese question in 1896, that of the Bend of the Niger in 1898, and that of the Upper Nile and the Upper Ubanghi in 1899. If these agreements were attacked by the jingoes on both sides of the Channel, they were approved by the moderates of both nations. There is a large life common to both. Their scientists have had the same interests, and their artists have fraternized not a little. Philanthropists have shown that there are causes that have no frontiers.

France and England represent everywhere the advancing march of civilization. Notwithstanding their temporary falterings and frequent errors, both countries have caused their best life to radiate as blessings unspeakable to the world. Expanding by a sort of national necessity, they are doing a great work for the world through their colonies. Economists will admire the work of England more, but the rigid moralists will prefer the French method as less harsh and more humane; but in the colonial expansion of both, the philosophical student of history will see the conquest of the world to order, justice, and security. The expansion of the one country should be viewed by the other in no unfriendly spirit; for, taking merely an economic view of it, their industries and their commerce are so unlike that they are out-and-out competitors in few domains only. Their spheres and kinds of activities are so dissimilar that competition is quite limited. This is not true of Great Britain and the United States. They are great competitors in the iron, steel, machinery, coal, cotton, and woolen trades. Their tremendous economic interests, running along identical lines—interests the conflict of which will ever be a permanent danger to both of these English-speaking countries—are statistical forces which make for competitive unfriendliness. If these forces are at work between France and England, it is in only a small degree. There are those who ascribe Anglo-French disagreements to difference of race; but history is there to show that nations of the same blood with similar aptitudes are the fiercest competitors. Two nations of the same origin will antagonize each other in the proportion of the identity of their national skill and industries. Furthermore, these persons seem to ignore the fact that the latest results of historical and scientific investigation intensify the evidence that the English and French are ethnographically similar, and that their common blood is Celto-Germanic; only in the case of these two countries there has been a national, a commercial, and an industrial differentiation which tends to lessen the competitive spirit between the two peoples.

The great mass of Frenchmen do not love England, but they have for her feelings of respect, and an intense desire to be on good terms with her. This, however, does not rest upon sentimental grounds, nor upon fear of England as an enemy. England is France's best customer. Nearly one-third of all her exports are used under the British flag. Then the masses in France have a wholesome aversion for war. The recent glorification of the army was generally a homage to those whom they considered the custodians of the French nation. Nothing but irredeemable madness could justify a policy towards England of aggression and

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provocation, and nothing during recent years in the attitude of the people or of the Government has ever justified British journalistic statements of danger from France. The writer is convinced that the corresponding class of Englishmen do not love Frenchmen, but that they admire the power with which France has risen after repeated disasters, her sudden manifestations—not always so sudden as the British think—of unexpected energies, the charm of her literature and of her social life, as well as the splendor of her art. They like to reside, at least for a time, upon French soil, and would deplore hostile relations with that country.

It is true that there is a class of Frenchmen who hate England; but this might be said of other countries of Europe, and to some extent of the United States. It is equally true that there is a large class of Englishmen and British colonists who have, at times, manifested their hatred for France. An Englishman, Mr. Thomas Barclay, writing in the "Fortnightly," states regretfully that "English feeling against France is very strong, apparently stronger than the feeling in France against England." It is true that the French have not spared their criticisms of the South African war, but they have not been more severe than many American journalists, less so than some among the German and the Dutch. Even assuming that these criticisms were excessive, they did not approach the scathing impeachment of the French at the time of the Dreyfus trial. Were the cartoons of "Le Rire," condemned in France as much as in England, more insulting than one of "Punch" at the time of the Fashoda incident? During the recent visit of President Kruger the Government of France was as correct in its attitude as it had been during the war. Can England object to a popular manifestation of sympathy for the heroic old man? Has she not welcomed to her shores men much disliked by friendly powers? Has she not honored and feasted the Orleans exiles, patriots like Kossuth and Garibaldi, and even Jefferson Davis? If France has her inconsiderate and undignified Mercier and De Mahy, England has her Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, Lord Curzon, and Lord Lansdowne, who are their peers. No Frenchman has ever been guilty, in his utterances concerning England, of the injustice and the harshness manifested by Mr. Chamberlain towards France, and no French diplomat has so forgotten himself—or so brutally obeyed orders—as did Sir Edmund Monson when, in Paris itself, and, contrary to all international precedent, he menaced the French people. In presence of such facts, can one reasonably hold that the French are the prime disturbers of Anglo-French harmony?

French journalism may appear to be exceedingly militant in dealing with English matters, but it must be borne in mind that the French press is no respecter of persons or things. The journalists pride themselves upon a certain disdain for the men who govern them, and, such being the case, one must not be astonished if they attack England with some show of violence. Their sallies are, as a whole, witty and superficial—more foolish than wicked. They may cause to smart, they may ridicule English peculiarities, at most they may sometimes attack English hypocrisy, but they seldom touch the character of Englishmen. On the other hand, the same class of English journalists accuse the French at once of incapacity, of hysteria, and of immorality. A writer in the "Spectator" ascribes the great interest of Frenchmen in English literature to symptoms of prevailing distrust of their own productions, and to snobbism. The same paper, commenting upon the enthusiasm called forth by the visit of Kruger to France, ascribes it to the discontent of the French with their own Republic, to the dissatisfaction of not being in the stream of contemporary events, and to the fact that they have no great enterprise on their hands. The "Saturday Review" reaches the climax of its amenities upon the French address to Kruger by saying that the average Frenchman is a "perorating animal." English papers attempt, periodically, to create a war scare. They do not hesitate, and without the least evidence, to speak as if the French were on the eve of invading England. One of their assertions is that of the aggressive spirit, the "rudely predatory instinct," of the French, robbing the British of their own everywhere, as if the latter did not now hold what was once the great colonial empire of France both in Canada and India. Their favorite theme is "France

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upon a volcano," and the French Republic in its last days. Let one compare the great dailies, so creditable to both countries, the "Times" with "Le Temps," or the weeklies and kindred publications like the "Spectator" and the "Saturday Review" with the weekly edition of "Les Debats," the great English reviews with the French, and the impartial observer will not escape the conclusion that in the English publications the expressions of hatred and belligerent threats have a much larger place than in those on the other side of the Channel. Even on the side of her journalism France is not the sole disturber of harmonious Anglo-French relations.

One permanent cause of disturbance between the two countries is the view that Englishmen take of French expansion. Many there are among them who seem to resent the attempt of the French to do, even in a legitimate way, what England has so well done. These critics have endeavored, notwithstanding the success of France in Indo-China, in Algeria, and in Tunis, to convince the world of her colonial incapacity. Again and again unfriendly acts have been committed. It is well known that the black African Caligula, Samory, was able to perpetrate his cruelties and resist the French by means of arms bought from the British of Sierra Leone, and that official representatives of Great Britain favored that most cruel African in his opposition to France and his crimes against civilization. Did not the Royal Niger Company signally disregard the rights of France upon the Niger River, and did not the agents of the company act like mediæval barons, disregarding the freedom of this watercourse guaranteed by the Conference of Berlin? Were not the British provocations of the French sufficiently numerous? The two countries had controversies about the Upper Mekong. It was agreed that neither France nor England should enter the contested territory until a satisfactory settlement was reached. Without any notification or challenge, the Anglo-Indian Government sent troops to occupy Muong-Sing, in the territory *sub judice*. This obvious violation of pledges was recognized by England, and, after considerable diplomatic negotiations, the troops were withdrawn. Then came the Fashoda crisis. Even admitting that France was in the wrong—a hypothesis which we are not ready to accept—what may we think of the procedure of the Britons? At once a defiant threat was heard all over their empire. Their Government assumed a tone at variance with the courteous relations of the two countries maintained for many years. Instead of meeting this difficulty as the French had faced the British occupation of Muong-Sing, a virtual ultimatum was sent. France asked for a friendly settlement by way of diplomacy, and when this was refused she offered to have the matter referred to arbitration, but she was met with another refusal. She was wise enough to abandon her claims before what the most enlightened Continentals considered a challenge of war. Shortly after this were made Lord Salisbury's remonstrances in reference to Madagascar, which, right or wrong, were untimely. The unseemly threats of Sir Edmund Monson before the English Board of Trade of Paris followed soon after. In this rapid statement of provoking acts we must mention the Maskat incident. A French agent having secured the lease of a coaling station near Maskat, in Oman, the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, ordered a naval demonstration with three men-of-war to prevent the consummation of the arrangement. This was done by virtue of some claims of sovereignty over Oman. It was soon learned that England and France, in 1862, had signed a treaty whereby they agreed not to acquire any rights of sovereignty, but, notwithstanding, England pensioned the Sultan, established a coaling station of her own, and was completing the violation of her pledges by a naval demonstration. This act of Lord Curzon has shown once more that Great Britain, at times, feels lightly the binding character of her international engagements. In presence of the foregoing facts, can one reasonably accuse the French of being the sole disturbers of Anglo-French relations?

Among the controverted questions between the two countries is that of Egypt. The French grievances in reference to that country are not so groundless and unreasonable as the British assert. Both nations established a *condominium* over Egypt. France had then more claims than England. Her services were consid

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ered far more important. She had supported Egypt in her endeavors to break her bonds from the Sublime Porte. Her scholars had opened to the Egyptians their own history. Champollion, deciphering the Rosetta Stone, reconstructed the old hieroglyphic language of the people, and since that time the world has looked to De Rougé, Mariette, and Maspero as the historic interpreters of Egyptian life. It was no small contribution to the patrimony of a people to find the missing link between its present and its wonderful past. Frenchmen undertook the education of the country, trained its lawyers, and introduced reforms in its methods of judicature. French engineers and artisans did their utmost to bring to the land of the Pharaohs the useful arts of civilization. French missionaries and laymen established schools, French financiers took up the national debt to the extent of $500,000,000; De Lesseps, with French capital mostly, and notwithstanding the unremitting opposition of England, dug the Suez Canal—a work in itself more important for the Egyptians and for civilization than what the British have done since their occupation of the country. George Ebers, the great Egyptologist, has said: "If European civilization has prevailed among the upper ranks of society on the banks of the Nile more vitally than in any country of the Orient, the French have the credit of it." Up to 1882 France and England were united upon a common basis of common interests. When the British invited the French to join them against Arabi, the French declined, but in all equity would any fair-minded man say that they thereby surrendered or forfeited their rights? Two partners may differ, and one may try an independent venture, but that does not entail the loss of rights on the part of the other. The British Government again and again promised to leave Egypt, pledged the honor of their country that the occupation was only temporary, but now it is evident that the country has taken for its motto the celebrated words of McMahon, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Obviously, France has been ousted from definite rights, her work in Egypt ignored or misrepresented. When, by measures more or less judicious, she attempted to induce the British to keep their word, Mr. Chamberlain accused her of carrying on "a pin-prick policy." Was it France in this case that disturbed the Anglo-French relations?

An old bone of contention between the two countries is the Newfoundland question. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France continued to enjoy fishing rights upon the coast of Newfoundland, known now as the French Shore. These rights are peculiar, not because France made them so, but because of the policy long pursued by England in that island, which was not to allow any one to settle there. Even at the beginning of this century houses were still frequently torn down by the authorities because of the British policy to compel fishermen to return to England every year, and to make Newfoundland a nursery of seamen. As soon as England abandoned this scheme her subjects settled in the island, and soon after attempted to invade the fishing-grounds where France had exclusive privileges. About the thirties they began to challenge these exclusive rights, but they only asked to be allowed to share them. Now, for some years, in different ways, they have endeavored to expel the French from their historic privileges. The two Governments tried earnestly to make satisfactory arrangements. Commission after commission was appointed by the British Government to settle the difficulties, in vain. The French claim—and with good reason—that their rights are exclusive, that they may take any creature living in water, and that the British have no warrant for erecting buildings upon the French Shore. A fair study of the facts will convince the impartial inquirer that French claims have a sound historical foundation; but present circumstances will also convince him that the Treaty of Utrecht imperatively demands revision. At one time France and England agreed to refer the matter to arbitration, but the Government of Newfoundland asserted that it would not abide by the decision of the tribunal already appointed. Such a court only can give a fair and authoritative opinion upon the points at issue. Then the two Governments may easily reach a conclusion as to the value of French rights, the more readily because, a few years ago, Newfoundlanders asked $120,000 a year from the United States for

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privileges far inferior to those possessed by France. With this as a basis, Great Britain may reach practical conclusions as to their value. France would not reject a good offer.

There are still minor difficulties which are frequent sources of ranting among the extreme men of both countries. Those of Madagascar are purely fiscal, and they may be easily settled with good will on both sides. The Tunis problem has been solved in its most difficult aspect, its economic one. The arming of the harbor and coast of Bizerta will not be a matter of serious controversy. It is not unlikely that the ultimate fate of Morocco may soon come up between the two Governments. If the British people and their Government return to their former moderation, all these lesser problems will gradually receive a most satisfactory solution. The Anglophobians of France must cease their taunts and follies if this end is to be reached. Both nations have displayed singular activity in securing new territories, sometimes employing agents and methods unworthy of them, not infrequently making most unreasonable claims. There have been instances in which both endeavored to be sharp and clever rather than just; but it is entirely out of keeping with facts to represent the French as disturbers of Great Britain. In all their conferences and arrangements with that Power they have shown a reasonable and conciliatory spirit. They have borne calmly some British provocations with repressed indignation and a deep sense of their injustice. In most cases they have invoked that higher principle of international judicature now growing in popularity all over the civilized world, arbitration. The highest intelligence of the world is rapidly coming to consider the claims of a country ready to refer differences to arbitral competence as, *de facto*, carrying with those claims a presumption of justice. The international conscience will more and more recognize that, if at times France has erred in the statements of facts, she has been unfaltering in her readiness to accept the highest and most reasonable methods of peaceful settlements, and, as in the recent case of Brazil, has accepted the decision of the Court of Arbitration—a decision unfavorable to French claims—with calm and dignity.

Up from Slavery: An Autobiography[1]

By Booker T. Washington

Chapter XV.—The Secret of Success in Public Speaking

AS to how my address at Atlanta was received by the audience in the Exposition building, I think I prefer to let Mr. James Creelman, the noted war correspondent, tell. Mr. Creelman was present, and telegraphed the following account to the New York "World:"

Atlanta, September 18.—While President Cleveland was waiting at Gray Gables, to-day, to send the electric spark that started the machinery of the Atlanta Exposition, a negro Moses stood before a great audience of white people and delivered an oration that marks a new epoch in the history of the South; and a body of negro troops marched in a procession with the citizen soldiery of Georgia and Louisiana. The whole city is thrilling to-night with a realization of the extraordinary significance of these two unprecedented events. Nothing has happened since Henry Grady's immortal speech before the New England Society in New York that indicates so profoundly the spirit of the New South, except, perhaps, the opening of the Exposition itself.

When Professor Booker T. Washington, Principal of an industrial school for colored people in Tuskegee, Alabama, stood on the platform of the Auditorium, with the sun shining over the heads of his auditors into his eyes, and with his whole face lit up with the fire of prophecy, Clark Howell, the successor of Henry Grady, said to me: "That man's speech is the beginning of a moral revolution in America."

It is the first time that a negro has made a speech in the South on any important occasion before an audience composed of white men and women. It electrified the audience, and the response was as if it had come from the throat of a whirlwind.

Mrs. Thompson had hardly taken her seat when all eyes were turned on a tall, tawny negro sitting in the front row of the platform. It was Professor Booker T. Washington, President of the Tuskegee (Alabama) Normal and Industrial Institute, who must rank from

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this time forth as the foremost man of his race in America. Gilmore's Band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the audience cheered. The tune changed to "Dixie," and the audience roared with shrill "hi-yi's." Again the music changed, this time to "Yankee Doodle," and the clamor lessened.

All this time the eyes of the thousands present looked straight at the negro orator. A strange thing was to happen. A black man was to speak for his people, with none to interrupt him. As Professor Washington strode to the edge of the stage, the low, descending sun shot fiery rays through the windows into his face. A great shout greeted him. He turned his head to avoid the blinding light, and moved about the platform for relief. Then he turned his wonderful countenance to the sun without a blink of the eyelids, and began to talk.

There was a remarkable figure; tall, bony, straight as a Sioux chief, high forehead, straight nose, heavy jaws, and strong, determined mouth, with big white teeth, piercing eyes, and a commanding manner. The sinews stood out on his bronzed neck, and his muscular right arm swung high in the air, with a lead-pencil grasped in the clinched brown fist. His big feet were planted squarely, with the heels together and the toes turned out. His voice rang out clear and true, and he paused impressively as he made each point. Within ten minutes the multitude was in an uproar of enthusiasm—handkerchiefs were waved, canes were flourished, hats were tossed in the air. The fairest women of Georgia stood up and cheered. It was as if the orator had bewitched them.

And when he held his dusky hand high above his head, with the fingers stretched wide apart, and said to the white people of the South on behalf of his race, "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress," the great wave of sound dashed itself against the walls, and the whole audience was on its feet in a delirium of applause, and I thought at that moment of the night when Henry Grady stood among the curling wreaths of tobacco-smoke in Delmonico's banquet-hall and said, "I am a Cavalier among Roundheads."

I have heard the great orators of many countries, but not even Gladstone himself could have pleaded a cause with more consummate power than did this angular negro, standing in a nimbus of sunshine, surrounded by the men who once fought to keep his race in bondage. The roar might swell ever so high, but the expression of his earnest face never changed.

A ragged, ebony giant, squatted on the floor in one of the aisles, watched the orator with burning eyes and tremulous face until the supreme burst of applause came, and then the tears ran down his face. Most of the negroes in the audience were crying, perhaps without knowing just why.

At the close of the speech Governor Bullock rushed across the stage and seized the orator's hand. Another shout greeted this demonstration, and for a few minutes the two men stood facing each other, hand in hand.

So far as I could spare the time from the immediate work at Tuskegee, after my Atlanta address, I accepted some of the invitations to speak in public which came to me, especially those that would take me into territory where I thought it would pay to plead the cause of my race; but I always did this with the understanding that I was to be free to talk about my life-work and the needs of my people. I also had it understood that I was not to speak in the capacity of a professional lecturer, or for mere commercial gain.

In my efforts on the public platform I never have been able to understand why people come to hear me speak. This question I never can rid myself of. Time and time again, as I have stood in the street in front of a building and have seen men and women passing in large numbers into the audience-room where I was to speak, I have felt ashamed that I should be the cause of people wasting—as it seemed to me—a valuable hour of time. Some years ago I was to deliver an address before a literary society in Madison, Wisconsin. An hour before the time set for me to speak, a fierce snow-storm began, and continued for several hours. I made up my mind that there would be no audience, and that I should not have to speak, but, as a matter of duty, I went to the church, and found it packed with people. The surprise gave me a shock that I did not recover from during the whole evening.

People often ask me if I feel nervous before speaking, or else they suggest that, since I speak so often, they suppose that I get used to it. In answer to this question I have to say that I always suffer intensely from nervousness before speaking. More than once, just before I was to make an important address, this nervous strain has been so great that I have resolved never again to speak in public. I not only feel nervous before speaking, but after I have finished I usually feel a sense of regret, because it seems to me as if I had left out of my address the main thing and the best thing that I had meant to say.

There is a great compensation, though, for this preliminary nervous suffering, which comes to me after I have been speak-

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ing for about ten minutes, and have come to feel that I have really mastered my audience, and that we have gained full and complete sympathy with one another. It seems to me that there is rarely such a combination of mental and physical delight in any effort as that which comes to a public speaker when he feels that he has a great audience completely within his control. There is a thread of sympathy and oneness that connects a public speaker with his audience, that is just as strong as though it were something tangible and visible. If in an audience of a thousand people there is one person who is not in sympathy with my views, or is inclined to be doubtful, cold, or critical, I can pick him out. When I have found him I usually go straight at him, and it is a great satisfaction to watch the process of his thawing out. I find that the most effective medicine for such individuals is administered at first in the form of a story, although I never tell an anecdote simply for the sake of telling one. That kind of thing, I think, is empty and hollow, and an audience soon finds it out.

I believe that one always does himself and his audience an injustice when he speaks merely for the sake of speaking. I do not believe that one should speak unless, deep down in his heart, he feels convinced that he has a message to deliver. When one feels, from the bottom of his feet to the top of his head, that he has something to say that is going to help some individual or some cause, then let him say it; and in delivering his message I do not believe that many of the artificial rules of elocution can, under such circumstances, help him very much. Although there are certain things, such as pauses, breathing, and pitch of voice, that are very important, none of these can take the place of *soul* in an address. When I have an address to deliver, I like to forget all about the rules for the proper use of the English language, and all about rhetoric and that sort of thing, and I like to make the audience forget all about these things, too.

Nothing tends to throw me off my balance so quickly, when I am speaking, as to have some one leave the room. To prevent this, I make up my mind, as a rule, that I will try to make my address so interesting, will try to state so many interesting facts one after another, that no one can leave. The average audience, I have come to believe, wants facts rather than generalities or sermonizing. Most people, I think, are able to draw proper conclusions if they are given the facts in an interesting form on which to base them.

As to the kind of audience that I like best to talk to, I would put at the top of the list an organization of strong, wide-awake business men, such, for example, as is found in Boston, New York, Chicago, and Buffalo. I have found no other audience so quick to see a point, and so responsive. Within the last few years I have had the privilege of speaking before most of the leading organizations of this kind in the large cities of the United States. The best time to get hold of an organization of business men is after a good dinner, although I think that one of the worst instruments of torture that was ever invented is the custom which makes it necessary for a speaker to sit through a fourteen-course dinner, every minute of the time feeling sure that his speech is going to prove a dismal failure and disappointment.

I rarely take part in one of these long dinners that I do not wish that I could put myself back in the little cabin where I was a slave boy, and again go through the experience there—one that I shall never forget—of getting molasses to eat once a week from the "big house." Our usual diet on the plantation was corn bread and pork, but on Sunday morning my mother was permitted to bring down a little molasses from the "big house" for her three children, and when it was received how I did wish that every day was Sunday! I would get my tin plate and hold it up for the sweet morsel, but I would always shut my eyes while the molasses was being poured out into the plate, with the hope that when I opened them I would be surprised to see how much I had got. When I opened my eyes I would tip the plate in one direction and another, so as to make the molasses spread all over it, in the full belief that there would be more of it and that it would last longer if spread out in this way. So strong are my childish impressions of those Sunday morning feasts that it would be pretty hard for any one to convince me that there is not

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more molasses on a plate when it is spread all over the plate than when it occupies a little corner—if there is a corner in a plate. At any rate, I have never believed in "cornering" syrup. My share of the syrup was usually about two tablespoonfuls, and those two spoonfuls of molasses were much more enjoyable to me than is a fourteen-course dinner after which I am to speak.

Next to a company of business men, I prefer to speak to an audience of Southern people, of either race, together or taken separately. Their enthusiasm and responsiveness are a constant delight. The "amens" and "dat's de trufe" that come spontaneously from the colored individuals are calculated to spur any speaker on to his best efforts. I think that next in order of preference I would place a college audience. It has been my privilege to deliver addresses at many of our leading colleges, including Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, Fisk University, the University of Pennsylvania, Wellesley, the University of Michigan, Trinity College in North Carolina, and many others.

It has been a matter of deep interest to me to note the number of people who have come to shake hands with me after an address, who say that this is the first time they have ever called a negro "Mister."

When speaking directly in the interests of the Tuskegee Institute, I usually arrange, some time in advance, a series of meetings in important centers. This takes me before churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, and men's and women's clubs. When doing this I sometimes speak before as many as four organizations in a single day.

Three years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, the general agent of the fund, the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund voted a sum of money to be used in paying the expenses of Mrs. Washington and myself while holding a series of meetings among the colored people in the large centers of negro population, especially in the large cities of the ex-slave-holding States. Each year during the last three years we have devoted some weeks to this work. The plan that we have followed has been for me to speak in the morning to the ministers, teachers, and professional men. In the afternoon Mrs. Washington would speak to the women alone, and in the evening I spoke to a large mass-meeting. In almost every case the meetings have been attended not only by the colored people in large numbers, but by the white people. In Chattanooga, Tennessee, for example, there was present at the mass-meeting an audience of not less than three thousand persons, and I was informed that eight hundred of these were white. I have done no work that I really enjoyed more than this, or that I think has accomplished more good.

These meetings have given Mrs. Washington and myself an opportunity to get first-hand, accurate information as to the real condition of the race, by seeing the people in their homes, their churches, their Sunday-schools, and their places of work, as well as in the prisons and dens of crime. These meetings also gave us an opportunity to see the relations that exist between the races. I never feel so hopeful about the race as I do after being engaged in a series of these meetings. I know that on such occasions there is much that comes to the surface that is superficial and deceptive, but I have had experience enough not to be deceived by mere signs and fleeting enthusiasms. I have taken pains to go to the bottom of things and get facts, in a cold, business-like manner.

I have seen the statement made lately, by one who claims to know what he is talking about, that, taking the whole negro race into account, ninety per cent. of the negro women are not virtuous. There never was a baser falsehood uttered concerning a race, or a statement made that was less capable of being proved by actual facts.

No one can come into contact with the race for twenty years, as I have done in the heart of the South, without being convinced that the race is constantly making slow but sure progress materially, educationally, and morally. One might take up the life of the worst element in New York City, for example, and prove almost anything he wanted to prove concerning the white man, but all will agree that this is not a fair test.

Early in the year 1897 I received a letter inviting me to deliver an address at

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the dedication of the Robert Gould Shaw monument in Boston. I accepted the invitation. It is not necessary for me, I am sure, to explain who Robert Gould Shaw was, and what he did. The monument to his memory stands near the head of Boston Common, facing the State House. It is counted to be the most perfect piece of art of the kind to be found in the country.

The exercises connected with the dedication were held in Music Hall, in Boston, and the great hall was packed from top to bottom with one of the most distinguished audiences that ever assembled in the city. Among those present there were more persons representing the famous old anti-slavery element than it is likely will ever be brought together in the country again. The late Hon. Roger Wolcott, then Governor of Massachusetts, was the presiding officer, and on the platform with him were many other officials and hundreds of distinguished men. A report of the meeting which appeared in the Boston "Transcript" will describe it better than any words of mine could do:

The core and kernel of yesterday's great noon meeting in honor of the Brotherhood of Man, in Music Hall, was the superb address of the negro President of Tuskegee. "Booker T. Washington received his Harvard A.M. last June, the first of his race," said Governor Wolcott, "to receive an honorary degree from the oldest university in the land, and this for the wise leadership of his people." When Mr. Washington rose in the flag-filled, enthusiasm-warmed, patriotic, and glowing atmosphere of Music Hall, people felt keenly that here was the civic justification of the old abolition spirit of Massachusetts; in his person the proof of her ancient and indomitable faith; in his strong thought and rich oratory, the crown and glory of the old war days of suffering and strife. The scene was full of historic beauty and deep significance. "Cold" Boston was alive with the fire that is always hot in her heart for righteousness and truth. Rows and rows of people who are seldom seen at any public function, whole families of those who are certain to be out of town on a holiday, crowded the place to overflowing. The city was at her birthright fête in the persons of hundreds of her best citizens, men and women whose names and lives stand for the virtues that make for honorable civic pride.

Battle-music had filled the air. Ovation after ovation, applause warm and prolonged, had greeted the officers and friends of Colonel Shaw, the sculptor St. Gaudens, the Memorial Committee, the Governor and his staff, and the negro soldiers of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts as they came upon the platform or entered the hall. Colonel Henry Lee, of Governor Andrew's old staff, had made a noble, simple presentation speech for the committee, paying tribute to Mr. John M. Forbes, in whose stead he served. Governor Wolcott had made his short, memorable speech, saying: "Fort Wagner marked an epoch in the history of a race, and called it into manhood." Mayor Quincy had received the monument for the city of Boston. The story of Colonel Shaw and his black regiment had been told in gallant words, and then, after the singing of

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord,

Booker Washington arose. It was, of course, just the moment for him. The multitude, shaken out of its usual symphony-concert calm, quivered with an excitement that was not suppressed. A dozen times it had sprung to its feet to cheer and wave and hurrah, as one person. When this man of culture and voice and power, as well as a dark skin, began, and uttered the names of Stearns and of Andrew, feeling began to mount. You could see tears glisten in the eyes of soldiers and civilians. When the orator turned to the colored soldiers on the platform, to the color-bearer of Fort Wagner, who smilingly bore still the flag he never lowered even when wounded, and said, "To you, to the scarred and scattered remnants of the Fifty-fourth, who, with empty sleeve and wanting leg, have honored this occasion with your presence, to you, your commander is not dead. Though Boston erected no monument and history recorded no story, in you and in the loyal race which you represent, Robert Gould Shaw would have a monument which time could not wear away," then came the climax of the emotion of the day and the hour. It was Roger Wolcott, as well as the Governor of Massachusetts, the individual representative of the people's sympathy as well as the chief magistrate, who had sprung first to his feet and cried, "Three cheers to Booker T. Washington!"

Among those on the platform was Sergeant William H. Carney, of New Bedford, Mass., the brave colored officer who was the color-bearer at Fort Wagner and held the American flag. In spite of the fact that a large part of his regiment was killed, he escaped, and exclaimed, after the battle was over, "The old flag never touched the ground."

This flag Sergeant Carney held in his hands as he sat on the platform, and when I turned to address the survivors of the colored regiment who were present, and referred to Sergeant Carney, he rose, as if by instinct, and raised the flag. It has been my privilege to witness a good many satisfactory and rather sensational demonstrations in connection with some of my public addresses, but in dramatic effect I have never seen or experienced anything which equaled this. For a number of

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minutes the audience seemed to entirely lose control of itself.

In the general rejoicing throughout the country which followed the close of the Spanish-American war, peace celebrations were arranged in several of the large cities. I was asked by President William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, who was chairman of the committee of invitations for the celebration to be held in the city of Chicago, to deliver one of the addresses at the celebration there. I accepted the invitation, and delivered two addresses there during the Jubilee week. The first of these, and the principal one, was given in the Auditorium, on the evening of Sunday, October 16. This was the largest audience that I have ever addressed, in any part of the country; and besides speaking in the main auditorium, I also addressed, that same evening, two overflow audiences in other parts of the city.

It was said that there were sixteen thousand persons in the Auditorium, and it seemed to me as if there were as many more on the outside trying to get in. It was impossible for any one to get near the entrance without the aid of a policeman. President William McKinley attended this meeting, as did also the members of his Cabinet, many Foreign Ministers, and a large number of army and navy officers, many of whom had distinguished themselves in the war which had just closed. The speakers, besides myself, on Sunday evening, were Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, Father Thomas P. Hodnett, and Dr. John H. Barrows.

The Chicago "Times-Herald," in describing the meeting, said of my address:

> He pictured the negro choosing slavery rather than extinction; recalled Crispus Attucks shedding his blood at the beginning of the American Revolution that white Americans might be free, while black Americans remained in slavery; rehearsed the conduct of the negroes with Jackson at New Orleans; drew a vivid and pathetic picture of the Southern slaves protecting and supporting the families of their masters while the latter were fighting to perpetuate black slavery; recounted the bravery of colored troops at Port Hudson and Forts Wagner and Pillow, and praised the heroism of the black regiments that stormed El Caney and Santiago to give freedom to the enslaved people of Cuba, forgetting for the time being the unjust discrimination that law and custom make against them in their own country.
>
> In all of these things, the speaker declared, his race had chosen the better part. And then he made his eloquent appeal to the consciences of the white Americans: "When you have gotten the full story of the heroic conduct of the negro in the Spanish-American war, have heard it from the lips of Northern soldier and Southern soldier, from ex-abolitionist and ex-master, then decide within yourselves whether a race that is thus willing to die for its country should not be given the highest opportunity to live for its country."

The part of the speech which seemed to arouse the wildest and most sensational enthusiasm was that in which I thanked the President for his recognition of the negro in his appointments during the Spanish-American war. The President was sitting in a box at the right of the stage. When I addressed him I turned toward the box, and as I finished the sentence thanking him for his generosity, the whole audience rose and cheered again and again, waving handkerchiefs and hats and canes, until the President rose in the box and bowed his acknowledgments. At that the enthusiasm broke out again, and the demonstration was almost indescribable.

One portion of my address at Chicago seemed to be misunderstood by the Southern press, and some of the Southern papers took occasion to criticise me rather strongly. These criticisms continued for several weeks, until I finally received a letter from the editor of the "Age-Herald," published in Birmingham, Ala., asking me if I would say just what I meant by this part of my address. I replied to him in a letter which seemed to satisfy my critics. In this letter I said that I had made it a rule never to say before a Northern audience anything that I would not say before an audience in the South. I said that I did not think it was necessary for me to go into extended explanations; if my seventeen years of work in the heart of the South had not been explanation enough, I did not see how words could explain. I said that I made the same plea that I had made in my address at Atlanta, for the blotting out of race prejudice in "commercial and civil relations." I said that what is termed social recognition was a question which I never discussed, and then I quoted from my Atlanta address what I had said there in regard to that subject.

In meeting crowds of people at public gatherings, there is one type of individual that I dread. I mean the crank. I have

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become so accustomed to these people now that I can pick them out at a distance when I see them elbowing their way up to me. The average crank has a long beard, poorly cared for, a lean, narrow face, and wears a black coat. The front of his vest and coat are slick with grease, and his trousers bag at the knees. In Chicago, after I had spoken at a meeting, I met one of these fellows. They usually have some process for curing all of the ills of the world at once. This Chicago specimen had a patent process by which he said Indian corn could be kept through a period of three or four years, and he felt sure that if the negro race in the South would, as a whole, adopt his process, it would settle the whole race question. It mattered nothing that I tried to convince him that our present problem was to teach the negroes how to produce enough corn to last them through one year. Another Chicago crank had a scheme by which he wanted me to join him in an effort to close up all the National banks in the country. If that was done, he felt sure it would put the negro on his feet.

The number of people who stand ready to consume one's time, to no purpose, is almost countless. At one time I spoke before a large audience in Boston in the evening. The next morning I was awakened by having a card brought to my room, and with it a message that some one was anxious to see me. Thinking that it must be something very important, I dressed hastily and went down. When I reached the hotel office I found a blank and innocent-looking individual waiting for me, who coolly remarked: "I heard you talk at a meeting last night. I rather liked your talk, and so I came in this morning to hear you talk some more."

I am often asked how it is possible for me to superintendent the work at Tuskegee and at the same time be so much away from the school. In partial answer to this I would say that I think I have learned, in some degree at least, to disregard the old maxim which says, "Do not get others to do that which you can do yourself." My motto, on the other hand, is, "Do not do that which others can do as well."

One of the most encouraging signs in connection with the Tuskegee school is found in the fact that the organization is so thorough that the daily work of the school is not dependent upon the presence of any one individual. The whole executive force, including instructors and clerks, now numbers eighty-six. This force is so organized and subdivided that the machinery of the school goes on day by day like clockwork. Most of our teachers have been connected with the institution for a number of years, and are as much interested in it as I am. In my absence, Mr. Warren Logan, the Treasurer, who has been at the school seventeen years, is the executive. He is efficiently supported by Mrs. Washington, and by my faithful secretary, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, who handles the bulk of my correspondence and keeps me in daily touch with the life of the school, and who also keeps me informed of whatever takes place in the South that concerns the race. I owe more to Mr. Scott's tact, wisdom, and hard work than I can describe.

The main executive work of the school, whether I am at Tuskegee or not, centers in what we call the executive council. This council meets twice a week, and is composed of the nine persons who are at the head of the nine departments of the school. For example: Mrs. B. K. Bruce, the Lady Principal, the widow of the late ex-Senator Bruce, is a member of the council, and represents in it all that pertains to the life of the girls at the school. In addition to the executive council there is a financial committee of six, that meets every week and decides upon the expenditures for the week. Once a month, and sometimes oftener, there is a general meeting of all the instructors. Aside from these there are innumerable smaller meetings, such as that of the instructors in the Phelps Hall Bible Training School, or of the instructors in the agricultural department.

In order that I may keep in constant touch with the life of the institution, I have a system of reports so arranged that a record of the school's work reaches me every day in the year, no matter in what part of the country I am. I know by these reports even what students are excused from school, and why they are excused—whether for reasons of ill health or otherwise. Through the medium of these reports I know each day what the income of the school in money is; I know

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how many gallons of milk and how many pounds of butter come from the dairy; what the bill of fare for the teachers and students is; whether a certain kind of meat was boiled or baked, and whether certain vegetables served in the dining-room were bought from a store or procured from our own farm. Human nature I find to be very much the same the world over, and it is sometimes not hard to yield to the temptation to go to a barrel of rice that has come from the store—with the grain all prepared to go into the pot—rather than to take the time and trouble to go to the field and dig and wash one's own sweet potatoes, which might be prepared in a manner to take the place of the rice.

I am often asked how, in the midst of so much work, a large part of which is before the public, I can find time for any rest or recreation, and what kind of recreation or sports I am fond of. This is rather a difficult question to answer. I have a strong feeling that every individual owes it to himself, and to the cause which he is serving, to keep a vigorous, healthy body, with the nerves steady and strong, prepared for great efforts and prepared for disappointments and trying positions. As far as I can, I make it a rule to plan for each day's work—not merely to go through with the same routine of daily duties, but to get rid of the routine work as early in the day as possible, and then to enter upon some new or advance work. I make it a rule to clear my desk every day, before leaving my office, of all correspondence and memoranda, so that on the morrow I can begin a *new* day of work. I make it a rule never to let my work drive me, but to so master it and keep it in such complete control, and to keep so far ahead of it, that I will be the master instead of the servant. There is a physical and mental and spiritual enjoyment that comes from a consciousness of being the absolute master of one's work, in all its details, that is very satisfactory and inspiring. My experience teaches me that, if one learns to follow this plan, he gets a freshness of body and vigor of mind out of work that goes a long way toward keeping him strong and healthy. I believe that when one can grow to the point where he loves his work, this gives him a kind of strength that is most valuable.

When I begin my work in the morning, I expect to have a successful and pleasant day of it, but at the same time I prepare myself for unpleasant and unexpected hard places. I prepare myself to hear that one of our school buildings is on fire or has burned, or that some disagreeable accident has occurred, or that some one has abused me in a public address or printed article for something that I have done or have omitted to do, or for something that he had heard that I had said—probably something that I had never thought of saying.

In nineteen years of continuous work I have taken but one vacation. That was two years ago, when some of my friends put the money into my hands and forced Mrs. Washington and myself to spend three months in Europe. I have said that I believe it is the duty of every one to keep his body in good condition. I try to look after the little ills, with the idea that if I take care of the little ills the big ones will not come. When I find myself unable to sleep well, I know that something is wrong. If I find any part of my system the least weak, and not performing its duty, I consult a good physician. The ability to sleep well, at any time and in any place, I find of great advantage. I have so trained myself that I can lie down for a nap of fifteen or twenty minutes, and get up refreshed in body and mind.

I have said that I make it a rule to finish up each day's work before leaving it. There is perhaps one exception to this. When I have an unusually difficult question to decide—one that appeals strongly to the emotions—I find it a safe rule to sleep over it for a night, or to wait until I have had an opportunity to talk it over with my wife and friends.

As to my reading; the most time I get for solid reading is when I am on the cars. Newspapers are to me a constant source of delight and recreation. The only trouble is that I read too many of them. Fiction I care little for. Frequently I have almost to force myself to read a novel whose name is on every one's lips. The kind of reading that I have the greatest fondness for is biography. I like to be sure that I am reading about a real man or a real thing. I think I do not go too far when I say that I have read nearly every book and magazine article that has

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been written about Abraham Lincoln. In literature he is my patron saint.

Out of the twelve months in a year I suppose that, on an average, I spend six months away from Tuskegee. While my being absent from the school so much unquestionably has its disadvantages, yet there are at the same time some compensations. The change of work brings a certain kind of rest. I enjoy a ride of a long distance on the cars, when I am permitted to ride where I can be comfortable. I get rest on the cars, except when the inevitable individual who seems to be on every train approaches me with the now familiar phrase: "Isn't this Booker Washington? I want to introduce myself to you." Absence from the school enables me to lose sight of the unimportant details of the work, and study it in a broader and more comprehensive manner than I could do on the grounds. This absence also brings me into contact with the best work being done in educational lines, and into contact with the best educators in the land.

But, after all this is said, the time when I get the most solid rest and recreation is when I can be at Tuskegee, and, after our evening meal is over, can sit down, as is our custom, with my wife and Portia and Baker and Davidson, my three children, and read a story, or each take turns in telling a story. To me there is nothing on earth equal to that, although what is nearly equal to it is to go with them for an hour or more, as we like to do on Sunday afternoons, into the woods, where we can live for a while near the heart of nature, where no one can disturb or vex us, surrounded by pure air, the trees, the shrubbery, the flowers, and the sweet fragrance that springs from a hundred plants, enjoying the chirp of the crickets and the songs of the birds. This is solid rest.

My garden, also, what little time I can be at Tuskegee, is another source of rest and enjoyment. Somehow I like, as often as possible, to touch nature, not something that is artificial or an imitation, but the real thing. When I can leave my office in time so that I can spend thirty or forty minutes in spading the ground, in planting seeds, in digging about the plants, I feel that I am coming into contact with something that is giving me strength for the many duties and hard places that await me out in the big world. I pity the man or woman who has never learned to enjoy nature and to get strength and inspiration out of it.

Aside from the large number of fowls and animals kept by the school, I keep individually a number of pigs and fowls of the best grades, and in raising these I take a great deal of pleasure. I think the pig is my favorite animal. Few things are more satisfactory to me than a high-grade Berkshire or Poland China pig.

Games I care little for. I have never seen a game of football. In cards I do not know one card from another. A game of old-fashioned marbles with my two boys, once in a while, is all I care for in this direction. I suppose I would care for games now if I had had any time in my youth to give to them, but that was not possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Just Be Glad

By James Whitcomb Riley

[Reprinted by request]

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.
We have erred in that dark hour
We have known;
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone.
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.
For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

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Francisco the Filipino

By Henry Cottrell Rowland, M.D.

FRANCISCO was troubled in spirit. To be sure, he had marched twenty miles the day before, through the paralyzing heat of a tropical midsummer day, lugging an obsolete Remington and ten pounds of misfit ammunition. During the march he had eaten two handfuls of rice and drunk a few swallows of tepid water from his bamboo canteen. When the column reached Dagupan that night, it had seemed necessary to his half-caste company commander to throw up a trench, of which, considering the time taken to build it, a squad of experienced sappers might have been justly proud. The trench was completed in three hours, leaving the company three more for sleep before reveillé sounded. This was quite enough, sleep being at any time a much-desired luxury, but never an absolute necessity, to the Filipino soldier.

But all of this was not the cause of Francisco's uneasiness. Indeed, as far as physical conditions were concerned, he had much to be thankful for, as his breakfast had left nothing to be desired. Some of the fishermen along the river had contributed a fine mess of minnows, and the townspeople had brought in bananas, sugar-cane, and a confection made of chopped cocoanut and crude sugar; also unlimited cigarettes. The Presidente himself had sent some choice *politos* to the officers, so every one was in good spirits, and the campaign was bound to be successful. But, notwithstanding all of this, Francisco was not happy. The conversation of his two companions disturbed him. One was a Tagal from San Fernando, and the other a Chinese mestizo from the Tondo district in Manila. The latter had been with the party who attempted to burn the city several months before. Both were old campaigners who had been under fire many times, and both had charms which insured their safety of life if not of limb. These charms had been bought of their local "padres," and contained many grotesque figures and cabalistic signs. True, the Tondo man had been shot in the leg in the fight through the Calle Sta. Maria, and afterwards imprisoned for a short time in the casemates of the Cuartel Santiago, but his sister, who sold piño cloth by the Puente General Blanco, had effected his release. Among other arguments and inducements, she had proved to the adjutant that the prisoner's wounded leg would prevent further efficiency in the field for at least six months, at the end of which time the rebellion would of course be at an end.

"It is said," remarked the Tondoman, "that the bushy hair upon the faces of the giant Americanos is red from being constantly dyed in the blood of children, which they devour after taking a town."

"It is true," replied the Tagal, shifting his weight upon the uninjured limb, "and yet some among them are kind to the children. I myself have seen an American soldier carry water to a child dying of smallpox."

"Was the mother of the child beautiful?"

"I do not know, but it may have been the case."

"But these Americans, why should they hate us so?" asked Francisco.

"I do not think that they hate us so much. It is only that they love to kill. My uncle's brother-in-law, who drives a quilez in Manila, told me that he has seen an American soldier stand upon a table in a drinking-room and shoot at his own people about him, though none had in any way harmed him. They continually seek pretexts for quarreling among themselves, and were it not for their officers they would soon set upon one another until but few remained."

"Would that they might!" returned the other. "Yes, they are indeed frightful savages. Now with us, when we kill it is for some good reason, because we have been done an injury or think that some one is about to do us one and we fear him. Or perhaps he may stand in the way of our advancement. Then we kill him quietly and it is all over. But these Americans seem never so happy as when there is some murder afoot. I have noticed that they complain bitterly when

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set to some light work about the barracks, but exclaim with joy when about to be led on a hard, hot march across the country with the chance of killing some of us. Then they are so inconsistent. They profess with pride to being heretics, and loot our churches when opportunity offers; yet I myself have seen many wearing scapulars when bathing in the rivers. Also they say that we are immoral, shameless, and degraded—and they bathe naked before our women! In their civil administration it is the same way. Their Governor-General has caused cock-fighting within Manila to be forbidden, while licenses have been granted to many more drinking-houses."

"That," said the other, "is probably the reason for his prohibiting the cock-fighting, which is through the instigation of the drinking-house keepers, as the cock-fighting takes the crowds from their rooms, or perhaps the men who run the mains refused to pay them 'cumshaw.'"

"No, it cannot be that, for my uncle's brother-in-law told me of a man who ran a cockpit and who went to the commandante of his district and asked him to name his own price. And the commandante was very angry, and had him put in the jail over night."

"It must be that they are all somewhat crazy."

"Undoubtedly, for when they fight they stand up and laugh and wave their arms when they might keep themselves covered, and sometimes a few will rush howling madly at our strongest trenches though their friends are falling all about them. Then it becomes necessary for us to run away, and build new trenches again."

"But why do you not remain and kill them?" asked Francisco.

"Have you ever seen a company of gigantic Americanos charge, screaming like a pony gored by a carabao and their pale eyes gleaming through the bristling hair upon their faces?"

"The Virgin forbid!" said Francisco, crossing himself and looking nervously out to sea.

"It is said, however," he remarked, "that the entire American army is now among our islands, and that in their own country, far across the sea, a rival President, who has a great following of his own, is about to obtain control. This new President does not favor keeping our islands, as he wishes the army to remain in its own country, which is said to be even larger than the island of Luzon." Both men looked incredulous. "So, if we can keep the Americanos out until this new President is elected, we may win our independence. This should be easy to do, as our fellow-countrymen, together with the fever, kill many every day."

Reassured by the sound of his voice, Francisco was fast gaining confidence, and his speech grew stronger as he noticed the effect upon those around him. He was about to proceed when an old Tagal at the end of the trench arose and pointed a skinny arm seaward. "They come," he said in the Tagallo tongue. A little ripple ran down the line. Francisco looked out across the Gulf. Far to the westward a little black smudge on the horizon gradually grew longer and longer as the northeast trade wind fanned the smoke from the slaty Japanese coal up through the great funnel of the transport. Then another smudge appeared beyond, and another. Now they were seen by the many watching eyes about the town, and a thin bugle-note pulsated through the shimmering heat-waves. It seemed to Francisco that it reflected the tremulous beatings of his heart.

A small, wiry native, very black and dripping perspiration, came running splay-footedly down the beach towards the trench.

"Is Francisco Sanches here?" he gasped in guttural Tagallo.

"I am he."

"The Señor General wishes you at headquarters." Francisco hurried back towards the town with the orderly, and was at once admitted to the General's presence. The latter was seated at a polished teak table writing busily. He looked up as Francisco entered, and nodded.

"Be seated, amigo," he said kindly.

When he had finished his note, he took a few kernels of soft boiled rice, smeared them on the folded edges of the paper, and sealed them together.

"Take this at once to Captain Isidro," he said to the orderly. When the man was gone, he turned to Francisco, who arose.

"I have appointed you acting Captain

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during the absence of Captain Isidro, who has a severe attack of the calentura periciosa," said the General. "You will take command of the trenches crossing the road to San Fabian. You probably will not be attacked, as the Americans must cross the bar and come up the river to land, when they will be under the fire of our trenches, which are very strong. The enemy cannot land on the beach between here and San Fabian, or at the latter place, as the surf is always too high at this season of the year, so you will simply be held in reserve. Should you be needed and acquit yourself creditably, your promotion will be permanent. That is all, Captain Sanches; here is your order."

Francisco thanked the General and went out. Now that he was assured of a position of less danger, the sinking sensation caused by the black and threatening clouds upon the horizon gave way to one almost of disappointment. True, he had his commission, but how could he hope to hold it permanently when no opportunity was to be had of his distinguishing himself? —for that the enemy could ever hope to take the formidable trenches along the river banks seemed quite impossible. From the tales that he had heard his mother tell of the fights between the Spanish and the insurrectos, it was first necessary for the enemy to throw up trenches of their own, from behind which they might exchange shots indefinitely with perfect safety and to the infinite credit of both parties. That the Americans might land and assault the works under fire never occurred to him. It would have been preposterous, and beyond all the bounds of decent warfare.

On his way to his post he passed an encampment of Igorrotes, the wild hill tribes, who had reluctantly consented to ally themselves with the Tagallos to repel the Americans, only after repeated assurances of an easy victory and promises of unlimited loot. Francisco had the instinctive suspicion and dislike of all lowlanders towards their mountain neighbors, and he glanced at the long bows and wicked-looking spears of the naked savages with strong disfavor. Some of their women were with them, and these were engaged in roasting a small chow dog over a bed of coals. Arrived at his post, Francisco assumed command of his company with the easy superciliousness that the educated Oriental always extends toward the coolie class.

The company was composed of over one hundred men, only about forty of whom were armed with rifles. The rest, carrying only bolos and cane-cutters, were to distribute themselves with the riflemen in the trenches and stand by to pick up the piece of the nearest man who had no further use for it. All, however, wore the Filipino uniform, consisting of white blouses, white trousers, and in some cases grass sandals. Most of them wore coarse panama hats, the wide rims of many of them being caught up to the side of the crown by a triangular badge—the Katapunan insignia. The road was already strongly intrenched, so that there was nothing to do but lounge about and smoke and await the next event. For this military evolution the entire company possessed the greatest talent. In the meantime, however, many of the more industrious soldiers employed themselves in making the little bamboo thorn stars of sharpened splinters of bamboo bound together at angles to one another, which, strewn in the dust of the road, were almost impossible to see, and when trod upon would pierce the toughest sandal and inflict a punctured wound of the foot that would render the victim unable to march for many days.

From his position Francisco could not see the bay, but occasionally he would mount to the roof of a nipa hut, whence he commanded a fine view of sea and shore. The larger vessels were approaching very slowly and warily, but one of the smaller ones steamed boldly up to the river mouth and sent a few shells whirring over the sand dunes behind the beach. Finally the night came and hid them from view.

Francisco slept in the nipa hut at the end of his trench. About midnight he was awakened suddenly by wild cries of rage and fear, followed by a couple of rifle-shots fired in quick succession. As he sprang from his mat he noticed a clear, bright light as of the moon, but more intense, that illuminated the trees and houses with a dazzling radiancy, leaving the shadows, however, darker than ever. And while he stood speechless with wonder, watching this fearful phenomenon, a great vibrating

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shaft of light, springing apparently from the sea straight up into the inky sky, swung slowly downwards, cleaving the black night in an enormous arc from zenith to horizon, and there gleamed into his awe-stricken face a great eye of such dazzling brightness that he quickly raised his hand to shield its piercing rays.

For a moment it shone, when just below it there came a spout of yellow flame, a screaming whir over his head, followed by a crash of thunder from behind. And then the wild clamor of voices, in which he could distinguish the yells of the Igorrote warriors, broke out again. The next moment dark, naked figures were leaping all around the hut. The challenge of his sentries was lost in the wild babel of cries in Spanish, Tagallo, and the dialect of the mountain tribes. Climbing hastily down the ladder, he met one of his men hurrying to the trench.

"What does it mean?" he gasped. "Who are these people, and what is that light?"

"'Tis the light from the American war vessel. They have fired bursting cannon-shot into the camp of the Igorrotes, and they are fleeing, as they say it is not well to fight with wizards who turn night into day. But as they go they seek to kill our soldiers, saying that they have been deceived by us."

"Look out!" The man sprang aside as a tall, naked form leaped past him, taking the trench at a bound. On the other side he paused, turned, and drove a long spear at Francisco, who had barely time to drop as it flew over his head. The next moment there was the spit of a Mauser beside him, and the savage pitched forward on his face.

"Pig of a mountaineer!" said the soldier. "Of what use are your sticks against the rifles of the soldiers of Aguinaldo?"

The shelling soon ceased, but the search-lights continued to play further up the beach toward San Fabian. Francisco spent the rest of the night watching them.

At length the sun rose far in the south-east, and the tropical day burst in all its glory. The camp of the Igorrotes was deserted, and out on the bay the white sides of the great American ships shone pink with the reflected light of the sunrise. Boats were coming and going, not toward the river mouth, but to the north in the direction of San Fabian. From the trenches where Francisco was situated the road ran winding for a couple of miles across the rice-paddies and into a large palm orchard beyond. Suddenly from this grove there emerged a small white speck enveloped in a cloud of dust. As it drew nearer it proved to be a native upon a Filipino pony, and then Francisco could see the rider plying his quit of carabao hide vigorously. The sun was well up and the heat-waves shimmered unevenly over the rice dikes. Here and there the little white cranes stepped daintily among the still damp parts of the field, or, lighting upon the back of a carabao buried to his muzzle in a boggy spot, performed sundry kind offices to the mutual benefit of bird and beast. The horseman rapidly approached the trench, and Francisco called to the sentry not to stop him, for evidently he was the bearer of news. The man did not pause, but kept straight on, his poor little jaded beast breathing heavily and the froth lying white under his *coir hakamar*.

"They have landed at San Fabian—the Americans!" gasped the courier when within hearing distance.

"But how?" cried Francisco. "The surf will not have permitted."

"Madre de Dios! there was no surf. Look at the sea," screamed the man, and sped on.

It was so. For perhaps one or two days during the whole season of the northeast monsoon the wind has been known to fall, and the big thundering billows that pile continuously over the gleaming beach subside into sleepy wavelets of innocuous size. No one knows the cause. Perhaps way to the northward a sudden, unseasonable typhoon had forced its way into the teeth of the mighty north-east trade, and temporarily stemmed its strength, or one of the sudden changes in submarine topography occurring frequently in that volcanic country had upset the usual order of things; but true it was that no great, swaying swell, mounting in anger only when it met the obstruction offered by the beach, rippled the sleeping surface of the bay. To-morrow it would come again and be for weeks as it had been for weeks before, but to-day it was not.

The courier had reached headquarters,

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and soon the quivering bugle-notes rang out about the little town. Squads of white-clad soldiers came running from the shore. The trenches on the beach were practically abandoned, and soon new ones were in process of construction about the landward side. Men, women, and children dug like gophers, and the lean and ragged Spanish prisoners sweated over their spades. And as they worked, a thin, brown, sinuous line uncoiled itself from the palm grove across the meadows and spread fan-shaped over the plain. Then a heavier snake emerged, but kept straight down the road until within half a mile of the trenches, when it halted and shortly disappeared in the castor-bushes on either side.

Half an hour passed. The skirmish-line across the rice-fields was coming within range, and Francisco was anxiously waiting for the order to commence firing, when it suddenly melted away as though the ground had swallowed it up. And they had hardly vanished when he saw a small bunch of horses which moved rapidly down the road, crossed the bamboo bridge, swung sharply to the right, and headed for a little knoll almost within rifle-shot of his trench. A gigantic figure upon an enormous horse rode slightly in advance, closely followed by a smaller man upon a native pony. Francisco could catch the flash from some bright object that was slung under his arm.

The businesslike practicality of the whole affair was beginning to affect the mercurial dispositions of the Filipinos. From the American advance there came not one strain of martial music, nor the flicker of a flag of any sort, yet here they were, fronting and flanking the town, by sea and land, with an evident purposeful design that was the more ominous for its quiet.

That was not the way to fight. Formerly, when the insurrectos used to fight with the Spaniards, there was much music and waving of flags, heavy firing, and light losses; and finally, after a "grande combate," the Spanish marched triumphantly home one way and "los insurrectos" the other, and everybody was pleased. Yes, that was certainly the way to fight.

But these whimsically ferocious giants in khaki seemed determined to kill somebody. A stray shell from one of the gunboats struck the embankment not thirty feet from them. For a moment it seemed to Francisco that the town and the bay and everything about him was rotating wildly. A soldier raised him.

"Are you hurt, capitan?" he asked.

"I think not," he answered, dazedly. "But I see a man is hurt."

"Two are killed, señor," replied the man. "There is now a chance for me," pointing to the rifle smeared with blood that he had just picked out of the trench.

Francisco turned pale and sick as he saw the former owner of the rifle, a boy about his own age, writhing on the ground a few paces away, and calling with a lipless mouth upon the Virgin and his patron saint. His face was a mass of blood, and both eyes were gone. A mestizo doctor hurried to him and gave him a draught. Shortly he became quiet and was carried away. Three Tagallos attempted to leave the trench before the next shell arrived. Two were beaten back by a captain with his riding-quirt. The third slipped past, but was shot before he had gone thirty paces.

A small white flag with a red center was seen nodding from the top of the hill. Another appeared above a rice dike in the meadow, and the next moment the skirmish-line was again in motion moving steadily towards the town. At last the longed-for order, "Commence firing," was given, and Francisco repeated it in a tremulous voice. The town trenches spouted flame all along the line; but the brown line continued to quietly advance. Francisco glanced down at his men. A soldier would crawl to the top of the bank, sight carefully, then close his eyes, contract his features, and jerk his gun violently upward as he pulled the trigger. The recoil generally kicked him back into the trench again.

"Why don't you hold your piece steady there when you fire?" he said to the soldier near him. "Every time you pull the trigger you spoil your aim."

"Our shoulders are very sore from the fight at Balong, Señor Capitan," replied the man, "and the kick of these rifles is heavy. Even now the shoulder of my tunic is stuffed with grass."

It was very true. The recoil of a rifle adapted to the use of a man averaging

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one hundred and fifty pounds and more was a serious matter to men averaging about one hundred and not accustomed to their use.

The brown line continued to advance, but had not fired a shot. Now Francisco began to notice an occasional holiday in the ten-yard interval. They were within four hundred yards, when suddenly they disappeared behind a rice dike which seemed suddenly to become dotted with black spots. An aide of the General dashed by.

"Get down into the trenches!" he cried. "They are to fire in volleys."

The order was a trifle late. Jets of smoke sprang from the dike. A rippling roar, and the air about them hummed like an ill-tuned harp. Dust flew from the top of the trench, and screams and groans came from all sides. Beside him a man doubled over on his face and twitching convulsively reminded Francisco of the Defeated Warrior in the cockpit just after he had gotten his mortal stab. Then came the crash of another volley, and a few more rifles were picked up by the reserve. The wounded were carried to the rear. The dead lay where they fell. And now the column from the sides of the road suddenly appeared, quickly taking intervals to the right. A yell of excitement rose from the Filipino trenches, and the men stood up to get a better sight at the massed column before they opened. The next moment another volley sent them back into the trenches again. A tall man sprang to the front of the newformed line, which broke into a run. The tall man waved his hat, and ringing across the rapidly lessening space between came a yell which froze Francisco's blood. Here and there the Filipino soldiers were climbing out of the trench and running back into the town. Many of the officers had already deserted their posts, and Francisco caught a glimpse of one of them behind the hut hastily slipping from his gorgeous uniform into an amigo or peasant suit that he produced from some hidden corner. He looked again toward the enemy; they were coming on leisurely at a slow run, and occasionally a man would drop on his knees and fire into the trench. And even in his fear and excitement Francisco was struck by the indifferent way in which the enemy acted. As his companions in the trench the morning before had said, the Americans were laughing and calling one to another as they charged.

The trench was fast becoming depopulated. About Francisco there remained only a dozen men, all of whom were from the coast, typical Tagallos, black of skin and wicked of countenance. Francisco picked up a rifle lying in front of him and took a hurried sight at the American officer.

"If I can but kill that man," he thought, "they will be leaderless and thrown into confusion."

He fired, and threw his head to the right without lowering his piece to watch the effect of his shot. The tall man suddenly straightened out, threw his revolver high into the air, his knees buckled under him, and he sank back on to the ground. A savage yell went up from those around him, and before Francisco could drop back into the trench he felt a hot flash of pain which started at his wrist, ran lancingly up his arm and through the front of his chest. A great faintness came over him, and he sank back inertly. "I am hit," he thought, hopelessly, "and now I shall be captured and shot—first, however, being tortured because I slew their capitan." He watched the fight about him with uninterested eyes. The trench was full of dead and wounded. All of those able to move had run away. A few had reformed further back in the town, and bullets were whistling over the trench from both directions. A man next to him groaned so loudly that it angered him, and he turned with an impatient remark upon his lips, but the sight that he saw silenced him. Then his waning interest was centered in a giant in brown who was bearing down upon him in great, ungainly strides. The water was running from his face in streams, and dripped from the point of his unkempt beard. His flannel shirt gaped open at the chest, displaying a skin of angry red, with a sickly-looking white margin about it. His khaki trousers clung wetly to his long, lean thighs. The giant leaped over the trench, and, sitting down beside Francisco, pulled out a flaming bandana and mopped his high features vigorously.

"Wall, by gum!" he remarked affably to himself, "if that weren't the hottest

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scamper I ever seen! Wus than chasin' pigs outer the garden." He swung the canteen around under his arm and raised it to his lips. Then he saw Francisco watching him with thirsty eyes. He noticed the red blotch on his arm and chest.

"Heh! plugged in the wing and breathers, ain't ye, sonny? Hev a drink?"

"Thank you kindly, Señor," said Francisco, taking the canteen in his uninjured arm.

"Be derned! speak English, heh! Reckon I'll hev to look arter yer for old times' sake."

"Hey, Jack," he called to a mate near by, who was lying on his face gasping heavily. "Don't lay thar like a catfish in ther sun. Come here and help me pack this 'ere kid back to the doctor."

Then, as the man did not move, he rose heavily, straightened out by degrees, and lounged limply over to the prostrate form.

"What's the matter with yer, hey?" He took him by the shoulder and rolled him on his back. The man sagged over, but did not speak. His arms flopped loosely across his chest. His face was purplish, with a white line about the lips.

"Wall, wall, derned if he ain't sunstruck!"

He rolled him out of the sun into the trench, which offered the same shade that an oven might give. A short distance off a steward and private of the hospital corps were helping a man on to a stretcher.

"Hey there, boy, here's a feller that I reckon's sunstruck, and thar's a little nigger with a hole in his bellers."

"All right; here comes some more stretchers." The corps man jerked an expressive thumb over his shoulder.

Francisco saw a slim youth in khaki trousers and flannel shirt driving four frightened Chinese coolies ahead of him with his riding-whip. Two of the coolies were carrying folded stretchers over their shoulders.

The soldier who had spoken to him picked up his canteen and took another pull. Then he handed it to Francisco.

"They mayn't come to you right away," he said. "Got to get our fellers first. Jest give that canteen to one of the nurses when ye get through with it. Ta-ta!"

He picked up his rifle, gave a hitch to his trousers, and started towards the town that his company was now approaching.

Francisco tried to thank him, but his voice failed.

"Why did he give me the water?" he wondered. "I am his enemy, and surely he saw me shoot the Capitan." He could not understand it, and soon gave up the problem.

The slim youth stopped in front of the unconscious American, felt his pulse, and rolled him on to the stretcher. Then he turned to Francisco.

"Now," thought the boy, "I will be taken and tortured. It is better to kill and to be killed at once."

He reached for his pistol with his uninjured arm, though the effort cost him frightful pain. Before he could draw it from the holster the American gripped him by the wrist. Francisco sank back weakly. The American took the pistol from him and put it in his haversack.

"Mucho malo, mucho malo," he said, sternly. "Yo medico—no combate." (Very bad, very bad. I doctor—no fight.)

He unbuttoned Francisco's blouse gently and exposed the wound in his chest. Then he took some gauze from a little package, placed it over the hole, and bound it snugly in place. The wounds in the arm were treated in a like manner. When he had finished, he raised Francisco's head and held the flask to his lips. Then he placed him gently on the stretcher and smiled at him reassuredly.

"Mas bueno?"

"Yes, thank you, Señor Medico."

"Oh, you speak English, do you?"

"But very badly, señor."

"But too well to try to shoot a man that is helping you," said the doctor, gravely.

"Ah, the señor doctor will forgive me. I did not know. I thought I was to be tortured."

"Oh, come! you knew better than that. You will be well treated as long as you behave yourself; but don't try any more of that sort of thing. You are going to the hospital now, and as soon as you get well enough you will be set free to try and kill some more Americans."

Then to the Chinese coolies:

"Bueno—vamos!"

Francisco's head sank back upon the blanket. His eyes closed.

"These Americans," he thought, "I do not understand them."

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Architects of English Literature. By R. Farquharson Sharp. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 326 pages. $2.

A series of twenty-four brief biographical studies beginning with Shakespeare and ending with Tennyson, devoted, with two exceptions—Emerson and Longfellow—to English writers. The chapters are short, the author's purpose being to give an impression of personality, and to make the man stand out against the background of his career. The work is not notable either for insight or originality.

Child (The): A Study in the Evolution of Man. By Alexander Francis Chamberlain, M.A., Ph.D. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4⅜×7½ in. 498 pages. $1.50.

Professor Chamberlain's object in this carefully prepared study in anthropology is to interpret the child in the light of the literature of evolution, and to explain some of the most significant phenomena of human beginnings in the individual and in the race. The work will receive more extended notice.

Eve and Her Daughters. By Rev. Thomas Maxwell McConnell, M.A., D.D. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 295 pages.

A series of popular sermons is reproduced in the chapters of this book. They connect with the names and sketches of Biblical characters appropriate moral and religious lessons. The publishers have issued them in the handsome style suitable for a gift-book.

From Apostle to Priest. By James W. Falconer, M.A., B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 292 pages. $1.75.

This work takes an intermediate position between the naturalistic and the sacerdotal theories of the early Church. In the New Testament it finds *order* required rather than *orders*. The monarchical bishop appears in the second century, and the doctrine of the apostolic succession in the sacerdotal bishop of the third. The lesson drawn from the mediæval Church, with the episcopate, culminating in the Papacy, in full sway, is that the instrument of union is no more to be sought in a visible organization. The entire discussion is scholarly, temperate, and enlightening.

Gardens Old and New: The Country House and its Garden Environment. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 10×15 in. 295 pages. $15.

This is a large folio, richly illustrated with a great variety of characteristic views of English gardens, which succeed in conveying the sentiment of those ripe Old World places of fragrance and seclusion. The text is subordinate to the pictures, which are the very substance of the book, and convey more to the eye than an equivalent amount of well-prepared reading matter; for it is to the eye that the English garden speaks primarily. Among the many books recently written on gardens and gardening, this book will serve as a supplementary volume. It does not deal with the subject from the side of instruction, but it presents through its illustrations an immense amount of delightful information; and it does what no amount of text could do, conveys vividly and concretely the atmosphere of the English garden.

George H. C. MacGregor, M.A.: A Biography. By Rev. Duncan Campbell MacGregor, M.A. (Fourth Thousand.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 298 pages. $1.50.

The subject of this memorial needs no introduction to thousands who have listened to him during the last decade in Chicago, Boston, and particularly at Northfield, which he visited for the last time in 1898. The child of a Highland manse, endowed with Celtic brilliance and energy, a scholar full of the missionary spirit, and a thoroughly manly man, this record of his brief but intense life, cut off by meningitis at the age of thirty-six, deserves place among the treasures of the Church for the quickening power of a noble example.

Hero in Homespun (A). By William E. Barton. (New Edition.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4⅜×7¼ in. 393 pages. $1.

Home Treatment and Care of the Sick. By A. Temple Lovering, M.D. Otis Clapp & Son, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 376 pages.

Inhabitants of the Philippines (The). By Frederic H. Sawyer. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 422 in. $4.

This volume is the work of an English civil engineer who resided fourteen years in the Philippines and whose personal observations have been supplemented by a study of the scientific literature—Spanish, German, French, and English—relating to the islands. The author's temper is eminently judicial, and the account he gives both of the Spanish Governors and of the clerical orders bears the internal evidence of truth, since it shows the elements of good as well as evil in both groups of Spanish rulers. The clerical rulers, says Mr. Sawyer, gained their power by the inestimable services which they rendered to the people, and for a long time governed the islands through loyalty and not through force. The author's account of the insurrections which preceded the fall of Manila is particularly instructive. The organizations back of these uprisings were the secret societies, beginning with the merely anti-clerical masonic order and ending with the revolutionary Katapunan. The last-named order developed strength among the common people, and cherished in some measure the aspirations to establish a Socialistic republic. In regard to Mr. Sawyer's views, it may be said that, on the whole, he is a warm defender of the civilization of the Filipinos, but favors the establishment of four self-governing States under

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American protection rather than a single independent nation.

Jack and Jill's Journey. By Phœbe Allen. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 198 pages. $1.50.

Somewhat forced and over-elaborate in its attempt to make the study of botany into an amusing fairy tale.

King Arthur in Avalon, and Other Poems. By Sara Hammond Palfrey. W. B. Clarke Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 187 pages.

Lord Monboddo and Some of His Contemporaries. By William Knight, LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 314 pages. $5.

Lord Monboddo was able and eccentric. Perhaps the latter characteristic is really what gives this book its strongest interest. Monboddo's philosophy and metaphysics are no longer read, his great ability as a judge and legal writer is now of little present moment, but every one remembers that Johnson and Boswell went out of their way in their famous trip through Scotland to spend an evening talking with Monboddo, and scientists know that Monboddo preceded Darwin by more than a century in arguing for man's descent from lower forms of animal life—though it must be owned that his reasons for accepting the baboon as a remote cousin are rather ludicrous than cogent. Lord Monboddo had many famous friends, authors, actors, statesmen, noblemen, and others, and his correspondence here published has many references to Burns, Scott, Ramsay, and other men of note.

Philippines (The): The War and the People. By Albert G. Robinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 407 pages.

Mr. Robinson's letters from the Philippines to the New York "Evening Post" have been generally recognized as having unusual interest, not only as a record of personal experiences, but even more because of their clear style, easy manner (sometimes one inclines to feel that it is not only easy but free and easy), and evident pains in getting at sources of information. This book is based on Mr. Robinson's newspaper letters, but includes much new matter, while the older narrative is constantly accompanied by comment and explanation. The author admits that his bock in its tenor is a pro-Filipino argument, but that his position is not extreme may be seen by an extract from his chapter on "The Future:"

> The great danger in absolute self-government for the Filipino is in the lack of a balance-wheel among aspiring leaders. That may well be the function of the United States. Protection from other powers they must have. For that the United States is now almost irretrievably pledged. Protection against disorder arising out of struggle for leadership is also a work to which the United States is morally committed. A tactful hand for guidance and restraint is the special need of the Filipinos until the now untried and half-broken political colt shall become settled in the traces and accustomed to his work. . . . Nothing is now left save to retrieve the mistakes of the past, as far as that can be done, by the realization of such powers and possibilities as these people do possess, and the utilization of these powers and possibilities instead of their suppression. This must be accompanied by a policy, broad, tolerant, and charitable, which shall recognize and take into consideration facts of difference in race, character, training, and environment. Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii bear about the same relation to the Philippine question that 2×2=4 bears to the stiffest proposition in Euclid. America has plenty of men capable of doing the work that is to be done, but they are not of the type which secures appointment by reason of the number of votes controlled in an election.

Sands of Sahara. By Maxwell Sommerville. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 162 pages.

Written soberly and intelligently, excellently illustrated, full of information about the desert and the Arab tribes. The book will become an authority on its subject. It has also the welcome quality of being readable.

Shakespeare Country (The). Illustrated. By John Leyland. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8¼×11 in. 102 pages. $3.50.

A thin but profusely illustrated quarto which presents in detail the scenery and the historic localities of the country about Avon. Many of the illustrations are already widely known, but these are well arranged, and they are supplemented by a considerable number of unfamiliar pictures. The text which accompanies the illustration is unobtrusive and well serves the purpose of furnishing a running comment, with new appreciation of the historical background. The illustrations are printed in halftones.

Where Black Rules White. By Hesketh Prichard. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½×9½ in. 288 pages. $3.

Books on Hayti have been regrettably too few in number and too poor in quality. The present volume does much to make good such a lack. At this time it has especial value in its description of climatic, social, agricultural, and industrial conditions; these affect not only Hayti but the neighboring islands in which we are more interested.

Works of Charles Dickens. (The Authentic Edition.) To be completed in 21 volumes. Vol. I., **The Pickwick Papers**; Vol. II., **A Tale of Two Cities**; Vol. III., **Oliver Twist**; Vol. IV., **Christmas Books**; Vol. V., **Nicholas Nickleby**; Vol. VI., **Martin Chuzzlewit**; Vol. VIII., **The Old Curiosity Shop.** Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. $1.50 per volume.

These volumes are the initial issues in the new edition of Charles Dickens's works which the publishers have called The Authentic Edition. It is being issued in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and in England by Chapman & Hall, who were the original publishers of Dickens. The books are somewhat large and cumbersome, but they are not inconveniently heavy. They are printed from long primer type, and legibility is therefore one of their prime characteristics. The text is put on opaque paper, light in weight but very substantial, and the edition is to contain the entire series of original illustrations which received the approval and were arranged by Dickens from the hands of such illustrators as Cruikshank, Seymour, and Brown; the edition is to contain, however, many illustrations from other hands. A frontispiece in color faces the title-page in each volume, and the edition is to be complete in twenty-one volumes, to be published at the rate of two each month. The design of the edition, as announced by the publishers, is to provide a low-priced edition which shall

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supply the full text of Dickens's writings in the most authoritative form. This explains the title of the edition.

William Conyngham Plunket: A Memoir. By Frederick Douglas How. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 392 pages. $5.

The author of the memoirs of Bishop How and Bishop Selwyn is well fitted for his present task. In this substantial and well-printed volume we find a clearly yet broadly drawn portrait. It has been no easy matter adequately to describe the life and influence of the sixty-first Archbishop of Dublin, the worthy successor of Whately and Trench. Archbishop Plunket's life was lived in a period full of striking events in the domains of religion, politics, and education. The prelate (who was also the fourth Baron Plunket) was not only a great churchman, patriot, and philanthropist; he was also one of the noblest and most lovable of Irish personalities. His career embraced such movements as those to disestablish the Irish Church, to revise the Prayer-Book, to reform Irish education, to Protestantize Spain, and to establish an Italian Reformed Church. In all these movements, necessarily exciting polemic or party strife, Lord Plunket displayed not only great gifts of statesmanlike wisdom, but also a beautiful tolerance, courtesy, and self-control coupled with a Celtic vivacity and geniality. Thus, when the ends were reached, they were due not so much to those whose words had been eloquent, or whose deeds had been more eloquent, as to one whose tender, chivalrous personality was regnant beyond any word or deed. If these personal graces distinguish the Archbishop above most men, there was another quality which equally distinguished him, namely, an almost Teutonic love for the thorough, for thinking out a problem to its utmost limits. This was especially noticeable in the Spanish and Italian movements, to the explanation of which Mr. How devotes many pages. In these problems it is easily seen that Lord Plunket regarded himself not alone as the bishop of one diocese or land, but as a prelate of the universal Church. In our latter day he was the expounder of what Cyprian taught in the fourth century—that every member of the Episcopal body is not only an office-bearer in a local or national institution, but is also invested with the right and duty of defending the faith whenever and wherever assailed. Finally, it may be said that few have done more than did Lord Plunket towards the breaking up of ecclesiastical estrangements, or towards the fraternization of Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, Anglicans, and Nonconformists. While he believed fusion to be an impossibility, he never ceased to plead for federation with all the fervor of his great soul.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Does the Roman Catholic Church, or the Episcopal Church, or any of that class of churches, recognize regeneration as a new birth? Or do they not really recognize only a development to a higher life? J. A. K.

They all insist on Jesus' saying about it, as given in John iii., 3. The Episcopal Church in the 27th of its Articles of Religion, and in its Baptismal Office, is very explicit on this point. The Roman Catholic Church, in the Decrees of the Council of Trent, Fifth Session, § 4, says: "Even infants, who could not as yet commit any sin of themselves, are for this cause truly baptized for the remission of sins, that in them that may be cleansed away by regeneration which they have contracted by generation."

Replying to "A. L. D.," would say that a strikingly similar hymn is to be found in the Southern Methodist Hymn Book, Number 499. Its authorship is assigned to one Thomas Raffles, an Independent minister of England, 1788-1863. I inclose a copy of the hymn in full. G. H. L.

If "A. L. D." will send his address, we will forward the poem.

1. What are the best books for a layman that formulate the teachings of Jesus in ethical form, doing for "personal ethics" what Shailer Mathews does for social ethics? 2. Do Professor Gilbert's recent books cover this ground? 3. Is John Bascom's "The Words of Christ as Principles of Individual and Social Growth" satisfactory? K. L. B.

1. We can refer to none better than Dr. R. W. Dale's "Laws of Christ for Common Life" ($2.50). 2. His work on "The Revelation of Jesus" covers it in a general way. 3. We think so.

Can any one tell me who is the author of the poem having in it these lines, "O for the grasp of a friendly hand," and "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land"? It has nothing to do with Tennyson's "Break, break," etc. I heard the actor, John Drew, speak these lines about four years ago in Washington. There are, I think, not more than four or five verses, and the ending to each is, "I'd rather live in Bohemia," etc. W. H. H.

A verse book which contained two hymns, one beginning "Alone, yet not alone, am I," and one beginning with

> "A living, loving, lasting word
> My listening ears believing heard,
> When bending down in prayer,"

was once in my possession but now is lost. I am very anxious to secure another copy, but forget the title. Can any reader help me? S. B. L.

Can any one inform me as to the source of the poem on page 24 of Lecky's "Map of Life," beginning, "Look down, look down from your glittering heights"? I have searched for it in Bartlett and several other dictionaries of quotations, but cannot find it. G. B.

Can some reader of The Outlook kindly inform me as to where I can obtain the book, either new or second hand, entitled "Helps Over Hard Places for Girls"? It contained, among other selections, "Old Barney's Mask," "The Princess Pearly Pat," "What it Cost," and "Little Greatheart." F. E. S.

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The Temperance Question[1]

From a Railway Man

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May one of your readers moralize a little on the article entitled "The Abolition of the Canteen" in your issue of January 19?

Accepting your use of the term "drinking" as signifying the use of intoxicating liquors of any kind as a beverage, do you not think that in the case of any man with whom drinking has become a habit it may be possible that his wife, his physician, or some one other than himself might be a better judge than himself of the proper time, place, and circumstances for him to drink? If so, then might it not be better if some one else did direct, at least to some extent, his drinking? If this is conceded, then the principle of prohibition of drinking is also conceded. The man who has not learned the habit will not suffer for want of it.

Again, the strong point made in favor of the canteen is its social pleasures, its spirit of recreation, and its possible refreshment. Drink in the sense in which you use the term hardly seems necessary to secure any or all of these things. The tents and rooms of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the camp or on the field afford all three without intoxication, and do it legitimately. The men can meet their fellows, they can chat, they can smoke if they so desire, they can enjoy games, they can write letters; books and papers are provided, and if refreshments have not been provided in the past, it is easily done. What more is needed? Is it "drink"? Is that a necessity? If it is, then may the Young Men's Christian Association consistently furnish it, along with hospital stores or any other necessity.

Perhaps it would seem incongruous for Young Men's Christian Association men to furnish beer; but if it is a necessity, just convince them of it and let them appeal to their people for it on that ground and see the result. Is not that a fair test? Call on the workers in that army for testimony, because they can appeal to the whole country for assistance and get it. If the soldier makes two or three cents profit out of the glass of beer, to go for books, papers, or any other good thing, let him keep in his pocket half the cost of the beer and put the other half into the recreation fund, and the Young Men's Christian Association will double that recreation fund and supply a cup of coffee instead of the beer.

Again, you think it will keep men from enlisting because they will resent being put under such bondage; do you imagine that because an immense employing concern forbids its employees to "drink," it keeps good men out of their service? Such is not the teaching of experience. On the contrary, men under the bondage of the drinking habit will seek such places, hoping to find the protection that will save them.

Do you think it would be a good thing for the New York Central Railroad to provide private drinking-places for its men where they might get intoxicating liquor, find recreation, and put the profits into a fund for perpetuating such a scheme? In your judgment, would that be an improvement on the present plan of providing them with rest and recreation rooms under the care of their own Young Men's Christian Association, and where there is no drink? Which arrangement would conduce most to your peace of mind if you were riding on the "Empire State Express"? If that company and many others have found the Young Men's Christian Association reading, rest, and recreation rooms efficient to educate men out of saloon practices and make of them American noblemen, why could not the same thing be done in the army? Do you think the canteen would be better? Employers can have no sentries, no power of physical restraint over the persons of their men, no guardhouse, no courts martial, nor anything of this kind that exists in the army, and yet they are able to restrain their men from "drinking," and the men become more prosperous, more healthful,

[1] Comment on these letters and a general discussion of the question will be found in the editorial pages.—THE EDITORS.

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better workmen, and better in every way. Why not try it in the army?

BENJAMIN G. WELCH.
Eagles Mere Railroad Company, Eagles Mere, Pa.
Office of the Superintendent.

Are Distillers and Small Liquor-Dealers Against Canteens?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent editorial you say: "We have no doubt that there is a strong interest of small liquor-dealers in favor of the abolition of the canteen. We suspect that the interest of the distillers is more or less enlisted on the same side."

We challenge The Outlook to give any facts that warrant such a statement. In Congress the habitual champions of the liquor traffic opposed the anti-canteen amendment, while the habitual champions of prohibition led on the other side. The liquor papers, organs of distillers no less than those of beer, have, without an exception, opposed the abolition of the canteen. A liquor-dealers' association in Baltimore resolved in its defense. One liquor editor in Ohio declared that he was coming to Washington to work with temperance people against the canteen, but if he had carried his "bluff," intended to fool good people, so far, the Anti-Saloon League would have confronted him with his own numerous editorials in defense of the canteen during the first fight on the subject.

The pretense that canteens are intended to keep soldiers from outside saloons would go to pieces in a moment if the people did not forget that where three-fourths of our army is, in the Philippines, the War Department has licensed the outside saloons also. Three-fourths of our soldiers *young men*, three-fourths of them in the *tropics*, three-fourths of them where the War Department controls outside saloons—those three facts answer all canteen fallacies.

Why should any outside saloon oppose a canteen? As well might a college seek to suppress its preparatory schools. I am no theorist, for I studied the inside and outside working of a regular army canteen in time of peace at Newport, R. I. It did not "keep the soldiers from the outside saloons." That I know, for I went the rounds, and found drunken soldiers in them all. For a whole week I never found the streets free of reeling soldiers, many of them being arrested for disorderly conduct. The canteen itself, instead of being a high-grade "club," was the coarsest bar-room of all, filled with half-drunken soldiers shouting for beer, which was dealt out by a civilian bartender, aided by a "soldier boy" in his shirt-sleeves, drenched in perspiration and beer, not a mark of the soldier upon him save a stripe on his sagging pantaloons; a gambler running a "skin game" on a sailcloth at the end of the counter, his hands full of bills as he "dared" the drunken soldiers, saying, "Come on, come on! any man's money is good enough for me!" There may be some canteens, especially now, when the canteens are on their good behavior, where the "club" features are developed in reading-rooms and games—features which no one opposes, and which are by no means dependent upon the beer-selling, as the British army proves, which provides temperance canteens; but the conviction of the American people is that the United States Government should not conduct the saloon business, even in a mitigated form.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS,
Superintendent of the Reform Bureau.
Washington, D. C.

The Record of Camp Thomas

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit a few words in opposition to the army canteen. After an experience with it in Camp Thomas during the summer of 1898, I have no words in commendation. It is the curse of the army, or was in Chickamauga Park, and in the nature of things can be no better elsewhere.

Army life is no place for a weakling moralist. A few weeks only are sufficient to bring out the stronger traits of character or transform a soldier into a blasphemous blackguard. The army canteen has no place whatever in the life of the self-respecting soldier. He scorns it as he would the common saloon. The beer-saloon of the army is worse than the city saloon. It has no screen to hide the timid or those whose self-respect forbids open indulgence, thereby blunting the moral sense, making a boisterous, insolent rowdy out of a soldier trying to drown his disgrace.

The army canteen makes drinking easy

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Familiar friends are not present. Home restraints are gone. The low moral standard of army life makes it easy to drop to the drinking point. It is the army death-trap. Camp Thomas court-martial trial records are alone sufficient to condemn it in the minds of our common people. It is a black, indelible record of insubordination, cursing officers, fights, disturbances, etc., ninety per cent. of which is directly chargeable to the infamous beer-saloon. It is not a question of the infringement of the rights of the soldier, but a question of removing the chiefest cause of his darkened record and moral downfall. To say that the canteen removes the temptation to visit low dives will not bear the scrutiny of daylight. The beer-saloon of the army only prepares the way. Camp Thomas soldiers who patronized the canteen were always those who were rounded up in the low dives of Chattanooga.

EDGAR L. DAVIS,
Ed. Sec'y Y. M. C. A.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Drinking and Drunkenness

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an editorial on the abolition of the canteen, which appeared in The Outlook of January 19, you said, "All drunkenness is wrong, but all drinking is not wrong." I agree with you. The simple sipping of one glass of wine or beer in itself is not a sin; but, unfortunately, the harmless act of drinking leads so often to the wrong of drunkenness that I believe that all sale of all alcoholic beverages is wicked and should be strictly prohibited. The fact that you or I might be strong enough to drink without drunkenness does not make it right for us to approve and abet a traffic that the most conservative statistics positively demonstrate as responsible for the majority of our prisons, our almshouses, and our orphanages—responsible for all sorts of diseases, not of the drunkard alone, but also of his innocent children, among them idiocy, epilepsy, and insanity. In the vice crusade in New York City great stress has been laid on enforcing the gambling laws. An article in one of the papers spoke especially of the harmfulness of the small gambling-dens in taking the wages of young boys whose earnings were needed by poverty-stricken mothers. If the Senators voted for the abolition of the canteen because "the pressure was too great to be safely resisted," I am thankful to learn that our Administration has awakened to the fact that there is a power in the land to be feared that is greater even than the whisky trust and its ilk.

C. WRIGHT,
Cor. Sec. of Prohibition League of Manhattan.
Bayside, L. I.

Mrs. Nation and the Saloons

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mrs. Carrie Nation came quietly into town (Enterprise) about breakfast-time, went to the house of the Mayor's father, attended prayer-meeting at two o'clock, and at three began hammering in the windows of one of the two saloons. They are called joints here, but for what reason does not appear, for they are wide open, fully equipped, and pay twenty-five dollars a month so-called fine in lieu of license.

The keepers had heard of her advent and had locked up and departed—to the other side of the street, where a waiting crowd had gathered. Through the broken glass door Mrs. Nation climbed in, hatchet in hand, and the "smashing" began.

The big mirror behind the bar went to pieces, then the bottles and glasses; cases were emptied on the floor and smashed one by one; the refrigerator was disfigured, the wall pictures pulled down and butchered. Then came the city marshal, who is fireman in the Mayor's mill, took Mrs. Nation by the arm, and walked her out the back way. The war was ended, the wreck was complete.

At the prayer-meeting the proposed smashing was announced, and volunteers to join in the good work were called for. A dozen went to the vicinity, but only one joined in the attack, and she neither a Woman's Christian Temperance Union nor church member—simply a brave woman who believed in trying the new remedy for closing the lawless joints, which law and persuasion had failed to close.

The owner stood by meekly protesting, but raising no hand. There was some blood on the bellicose smasher's hand made by falling glass, and her black alpaca dress was perfumed with odors of whisky and beer.

Undismayed she approached the second saloon, but the improvised marshal firmly

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kept her off. A war of words, sprinkled with Scriptural quotations, and some counter remarks about lawbreaking and hoodlumism, kept the good-natured crowd amused.

Mrs. Nation was driven to her friend's home, where she awaited the hoped-for arrest in vain. The sheriff did not come. After supper she started talking on the street, but this soon ended in a row, with much bad language and some blood-letting. The raided saloon-keeper's wife slapped the speaker in the face, missiles were thrown, and adjournment was taken to a church where a revival meeting was in progress.

Mrs. Nation promises to continue her warfare from town to town, and to leave behind her at each place a band of disciples to repeat the destruction whenever a joint reopens. Her plea is that the law is openly violated by collusion of the authorities and the "men," and that no remedy is open but counter-violence by the victims—the women. Officially the Woman's Christian Temperance Union disapproves her programme, but individually the women applaud her.

That prohibition has broken down in Kansas is admitted by its friends. This is equally true of the small towns and the cities.

Enterprise is a typical country town, with one thousand population, largely German and Swedish. One family owns the chief industry, and has practically made the town. Three generations of them are active in its affairs; they are well-known reformers and prohibitionists. For many years the elder Hoffman was its Mayor, and used his best efforts to enforce the law. Liquor-selling out of private rooms, pockets, and boot-legs could not be reached. He gave up in despair, and allowed joints to run in peace by paying a monthly fine. His grandson is the present Mayor, and he, too, believes that closing the joints would only shift the traffic to "boot-legging."

He told Mrs. Nation that neither raiding nor smashing would do any permanent good; men wanted the drinks, and a way would always be found to supply them. His view is that until the prohibition law is repealed they had better ignore it, collect the revenue, and not drive the traffic into the byways.

That prohibition does not prohibit is conceded by not only a majority of the people, but a majority of the prohibitionists in Kansas. In only a few places is the traffic under any practical restraint. The early repeal of the law is a certainty; only for political reasons has it remained so long. Whether the Gothenburg or the Dispensary system will be substituted, or local option, remains to be seen. The prohibitionists will doubtless oppose either of these plans, and thus aid the license advocates.

The influence on trade is one of the potent arguments against closing the joints; farmers, it is said, will go to competing towns if no drink can be had. All the efforts of the churches, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the respectables are no match for the almighty dollar.

Then, too, it must be conceded that the saloon supplies one important social need; it is the only social meeting-place available to the great majority, those who have neither clubs nor comfortable parlors. Men will not stay always at home or in their boarding-house room after a dreary day's work; where shall they go but to the well-equipped, brilliant, and sociable saloon?

Let the ardent prohibitionists try the gracious expedient of offering an attractive substitute for the saloon. Set up a counter-attraction, and they will effect more than they can with repressive force measures.

A suitable suite of rooms, comfortably furnished, well lighted, with bowling, billiards, periodicals, literature, some popular books, an evening buffet, occasional lectures, dances, debates, and ladies' evenings, all free, supported by subscription and popularized by personal interest—such a social center every town should have. It is really quite selfish for those who have luxurious or comfortable homes to make themselves the judges of what the less favored shall do or not do. Let them rather divide with their brothers, diverting some of their superfluities into "social betterment" channels. What force has failed to do love will accomplish.

Enterprise, Kan. N. O. NELSON.

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